PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 30 1936

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XII. No. 291 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1936 [Registered at the G.P.O as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 377
THE STRUGGLE IN PALESTINE 380
THE STRATEGY OF THE GERMAN ATTACK ON THE U.S.S.R. By Ernst Henri 381
A LONDON DIARY 383
THIS ENGLAND 384
CHANGING ONE'S MIND. By Y. Y. 384
THE RAT PROBLEM. By E. G. Boulenger . . . 385
CORRESPONDENCE 386
From Harry Pollitt; Montagu Slater and Others; Albert E. Davies; P. L. O. Guy; Charles Robertson; Labour Party Member; A Socialist; Fenner Brockway; Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier; F.R.C.P.; Dennis Glenny; Alan George.
THE LEGACY OF SYMBOLISM. By Jacques de Lacretelle (trans. by Clive Bell) 389
MUSIC AND THE B.B.C. By W. J. Turner . Page 390
PLAYS AND PICTURES 391
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 393
REVIEWS:
A. J. B. By Roger Fulford 394
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 395
Useless Cruelty. By John Beevers. . . . 396
Critical Enjoyment. By G. W. Stonier . . 398
One Damn Thing After Another. By Leonard Woolf 400
Cuisine Française. By Raymond Mortimer . 400
Lord Snell of Plumstead 402
SHORTER NOTICES 402
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 404
CROSSWORD 406
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 408

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER'S Billingsgate about Soviet Russia and Russia's characteristic retort do not mean that we shall have war in Europe in the next few weeks. It is simply another example of Hitler's familiar technique and its inevitable effect. The Nuremberg speeches are meant partly for home consumption and partly to drive a wedge between France and Russia and prepare the way for a revision of the Covenant, which would give Hitler a free hand in the East. The demand for colonies has been louder than ever in Nazi speeches and newspapers. Perhaps, if this demand is equally suddenly dropped, it is hoped that Great Britain will look more favourably at Hitler's suggestion that he needs the resources of the Ukraine to make Germany happy and prosperous. In the same way, suggestions are put about that France may have peace in the West if the Franco-Soviet pact is repudiated. So far the actual effect of these tactics is to intensify rearmament everywhere. M. Blum is to make a desperate effort to stop the rot by new proposals for arms limitation at Geneva.

Germany and Russia

The further question arises whether Hitler has really made up his mind to attack Russia. We publish this week an article by Mr. Ernst Henri, who gives interesting details of German staff plans for invading the Soviet Union; he is convinced that Hitler intends to attack and will be defeated. Prophecy seems to us dangerous in Europe to-day. Anything may happen; Germany in her present mood threatens everyone, but she may win much without war. It is well, too, to remember that Hitler's hatred of Russia is like all his other attitudes, dependent on circumstances. The old Rapallo policy of Russo-German friendship was continued after Hitler's seizure of power, and the Treaty of Berlin with Russia was renewed by Hitler himself in May, 1933. Hitler declared that Bolshevism only concerned him in so far as it affected internal Germany, and in March, 1933, declared his willingness "to pursue a friendly path" with Russia. Economic co-operation has continued between the two countries and further credits were recently offered by Germany to Russia. At the moment the great Eastern trade fair at Königsberg is proceeding with Russia as a principal participant. This does not look as if Hitler found it impossible, as he now says, to sit down at the same conference table with Bolsheviks. Meanwhile, all this shouting distracts from the real Fascist advance which is proceeding in Spain with the help of German aeroplanes.

War and Neutrality

The Spanish Government has lost San Sebastian, as was expected. The last act there was, happily, less terrible

than it was at Irun; the Anarchists were prevented from making a bonfire of the town, and the defending forces with Señor Ortega, the civil Governor, withdrew to a line which is now the forward defences of Bilbao. Elsewhere there has been no important change in the fortunes of war. The loyalists still hold on grimly on the Guadarrama front; the rebels have not yet been dislodged from Huesca, Oviedo or the Alcazar of Toledo; there is heavy fighting near Talavera, to the south-west of Madrid. Everywhere the Government troops are handicapped by the shortage of arms and ammunition. Meanwhile the European Powers—minus Portugal—are proceeding with the organisation of non-intervention. A sub-committee has been appointed and held its first meeting at the Foreign Office on Tuesday. What exactly it has done or is going to do, we do not know; but there can be no question that what it ought to be doing is the putting of an embargo on assistance from Portugal, or through Portugal, to the Spanish insurgents. We cannot believe that a body including representatives of Soviet Russia, Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Belgium, as well as of France and Britain, will sit smirking at this scandal.

The Tension in France

M. Blum is still having a difficult time. As far as international policy is concerned, the situation between the Government and the Communists is for the moment rather easier, since the C.G.T. reaffirmed its confidence in M. Blum and his colleagues and M. Thorez suspended his criticisms of the official policy. But the difficulties on the home front have increased with the outbreak of a new series of strikes, accompanied by allegations that the employers are failing to implement the agreements which were reached after the occupation of the factories when the Front Populaire first came to power. The chief centre of trouble has been Lille, where M. Salengro and M. Blum have so far failed to settle the textile strike, and the employers, alarmed by the renewal of the movement for occupying the factories, seem half-disposed to defy the Government and the Trade Unions, and provoke a decisive struggle now rather than later on. Both M. Blum and the employers however, have been careful not quite to shut the door to an agreed settlement. The employers deny the Government's right to impose compulsory arbitration; and M. Blum has not quite declared his intention of imposing it. Possibly proposals for an adjustment will arise out of the wider conference held this week between the Government and the representatives of the employers. Meanwhile tension has been increased by the action of workers in Lyons who have seized control of a silk factory.

Abyssinia and the League

One of the items on the agenda at Geneva is Abyssinia. The League is in an awkward and a shameful position. The Abyssinian Legation in London has announced its intention of sending delegates to the Assembly. The Assembly, it is expected, will refuse to admit them, on the ground that the Ethiopian Empire has ceased to exist as an independent State—as it obviously has since the League Powers threw it to the Italian wolves. It is no doubt true that a large part of the country has not been reduced—and may give the Italians a great deal of trouble before it is reduced—but the League Powers are hardly likely to recognise the claim of the refugee Emperor to be exercising a responsible and effective sovereignty there, more especially as many of them are anxious to get Italy back into full co-operation at Geneva. Recognition of her conquest will presumably be refused for the present, as was Japan's conquest in Manchuria, and so we shall wash our hands of, and salve our consciences for, one of the most brutal crimes in history. Meanwhile, the Duce is consolidating the gains he has got and, amongst other things, preparing to enlist his new subjects in a large native army—which he assured us some months ago he would never do.

Maine Goes Republican

The Republicans have won Maine, and are proclaiming triumphantly that the victory means Mr. Roosevelt's defeat. But that of course is what they are bound to say, by all the traditions of electioneering, whether they believe it or not. The really surprising thing would have been if they had not won, in face of the strong Republican record of the State, and its relative immunity from the upheavals of the past few years. Maine is a State of native-American farmers and small businesses, comparatively unindustrialised, and for the most part strongly disinclined to change. Its reversion to Republicanism does not at all mean that Mr. Roosevelt will lose the day in States where a larger proportion of the electors hate big business and still rely on Federal help. Even in Maine the senatorial election, in which the Democratic candidate was the present State Governor, was very close, and the Republican won only by a few thousands. The Governorship reverted to the Republican Party by a much larger majority, and the Republicans also won all three seats in the House of Representatives. It is generally admitted that the Republicans are bound greatly to strengthen their position in Congress, and that Mr. Roosevelt will not again sweep the country as he did last time. But his prospects of winning remain good, unless Mr. Lemke can detach from him a great many more votes than he seems at all likely to win at present. The Labour vote, both "Lewisite" and orthodox, will certainly be cast mainly for Mr. Roosevelt.

"Poisonous Racialism"

Every few months General Smuts emerges from his seclusion in South Africa to administer to our European statesmen a general castigation on the mishandling of their affairs. At the recent South African Transport Conference in Johannesburg he expressed the hope that "the barren feuds and poisonous racialism" of Europe would never be allowed to disturb the peaceful atmosphere of South Africa. These admirable sentiments hardly conformed with the more brazen utterances of Mr. Pirow, the South African Minister for Defence. He clearly hinted that the Conference had been called with the purpose of prosecuting the Union's policy of strengthening the white man's hold throughout the whole Continent. Meanwhile in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* Archdeacon Owen of Kavirondo has drawn attention to some of the consequences of the adoption in Kenya of the Union's example. Africans in Kenya are taxed at the age of sixteen, whilst the taxable age for other members of the community is fixed at eighteen. This means that boys are forced away from their homes to earn wages from the

age of thirteen upwards, and the Archdeacon claims that this discrimination is a principal cause of the high rates of juvenile crime among the African population. Racial legislation in Kenya adopts many of the same principles approved in the Union and Mr. Pirow is obviously eager to extend the Union's influence elsewhere. Only recently, by the abolition of the Cape native franchise, a finishing touch has been put to the sturdy edifice of colour bar legislation. If General Smuts wishes to attack the upholders of "poisonous racialism," he might start in his own country or even in his own Cabinet.

Kenya Finance

Meanwhile, as if to illustrate this "poisonous racialism," comes the Pim Report on the finances of Kenya. For the first time an official report condemns the poll-tax, beloved of African Governments, because rich and poor have under it to pay the same sum. But will action be taken? Twice already, after similar reports, an income-tax ordinance has reached the Statute Book. Once, the tax was actually paid, only to be handed back the following year to those who were honest enough to admit having a taxable income. This time shrunken profits, despite multifarious subsidies, have abated the furious opposition of the settlers to an income-tax, and the chief opposition comes from the representatives of those few who have many millions invested in Kenya, largely on mortgage. Of economies the Report gives scant hope, merely referring in a phrase to the one measure that can ever reduce colonial expenditure—apart, of course, from abolishing subsidies, to the utter ruin of the European Colony. That measure is the admission of Africans to the public service. The very idea of black magistrates would send a shudder through all South as well as East Africa, the "solid South" of the British Empire. But since they are a success in the West Indies why should they not be in Africa? That question has an answer. In Kenya there can be no African magistrates and other officials of the higher grades, because the Government forbids African children to get higher education.

The British Association

A significant protest was made by chemists at the British Association against the prostitution of their knowledge and skill to lethal ends, and the popular conception of the great body of scientists as "satanic fellows" rejoicing in the discovery of more and more poison gases for the slaughter of mankind. But the protest will not, we fear, have much effect in our present world of frightened lunatics, who in the same breath curse the poisons and demand more of them. The "life-savers" are in a happier position; their efforts for higher standards of health and nutrition are making an impression on the public and even beginning to disturb Governments. Sir John Orr insisted once more at Blackpool on the need for a greater consumption of eggs and milk and fruit and vegetables, and he and other speakers emphasised in this connection the urgency of a planned agriculture. There was some good "kitchen science" talked by several doctors, and a plea by Sir Josiah Stamp for greater accuracy in the use of statistics and terms in discussions and writings on the problem of nutrition. The plea is proper; muddled thinking, exaggeration and distortion are mischievous. But there is also mischief in that ultra-cautious attitude which is affected by some scientific experts (we do not include Sir Josiah among these), and which fortifies practical reactionaries in their resistance to reforms.

The Next Slump

Sir William Beveridge's observations on unemployment at the British Association seem to have caused a good deal of surprise; but his forecasts of the probable future course of employment tally pretty closely with the views of most of the experts. In the orthodox opinion Great Britain is now in the midst of a period of prosperity, if not of positive boom; and in the ordinary course of events—that is, apart from major changes in economic policy—a recession is to be expected, at the latest, within a very few years. Clearly such a recession could easily add the 800,000 of whom Sir William spoke to the number of those unemployed from non-cyclical causes. In effect, the most important part of his speech was not his prophecy—which he guarded by saying that events might upset it, and war certainly would—but his taking for granted that an unemployment register of not far short of a million must now be assumed as basic, even in periods of prosperity. This condition of things may, of course, be altered by technical developments or changes in economic policy. But for the present it exists, and involves a terrible mass of protracted unemployment, especially among the "over 35's." Sir William Beveridge was beyond question right in pointing the moral that in face of such a situation "something other and more than money payments in idleness was required." Short spells of unemployment can be adequately dealt with by maintenance on a sufficient scale; chronic lack of work cannot.

Carl von Ossietzky

In these days when Hitlerism is lauded from the most unexpected quarters as the bulwark against Communism, we may be especially grateful for the publication of a pamphlet describing the career of Carl von Ossietzky (*What Was His Crime?* Gollancz, 6*d.*). For Ossietzky occupies a unique place among the martyrs whose fate was settled on the day on which the German Republic was murdered. Ever since 1912 he had been associated with pacifist organisations in Germany. After 1918 he became recognised as a leader of pacifist opinion, and as editor of *Weltbühne* he continually urged upon Republican statesmen the necessity of uprooting forever the seeds of German militarism. In 1931 he was convicted on a charge of treason for having published in his journal revelations regarding the breaches of the armament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Some months later, however, under the Schleicher regime he was released, and it was not until Hitler came to power that he had to pay the full price for his championship of the causes of peace and freedom. Ossietzky's only crime was that he detested war and strove to make the German Republic a reality. For this offence he has suffered abominations for three years in a Nazi concentration camp. Throughout his life he has loved peace more than he has feared for his own security and, as this pamphlet suggests, it will be difficult to find a more worthy winner of the Nobel Peace Prize.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE STRUGGLE IN PALESTINE

THERE is now on its way to Palestine the largest armed force that has left this country since the Great War. Its purpose is the suppression of a strike which began more than five months ago and is to-day—and has long been—a rebellion, with a black record of arson and pillage, and the killing and wounding of civilians, police and soldiery. Whether the delay on the part of the Government to end this state of affairs was exemplary patience or criminal weakness we need not now discuss. The decision that order must be restored, and that there can be no concession to Arab violence, has at length been taken, and it has been hailed with general relief. But the dispassionate observer—and indeed the most passionate—will see in the dispatch of this army a grim commentary on the hopes of eighteen years ago.

When we took up the Palestinian Mandate the prospect looked promising. The country was underpopulated and backward. There was ample room for the Jews to settle in the National Home which we were pledged to establish for them, and the energy, enthusiasm and capital brought in by the immigrants would help us in our double task of material development and of fitting the people for self-government. There was some opposition, it is true, from the Arab Nationalists, but they seemed to be a negligible minority. We were engaged in an experiment in internationalism—the welding of two peoples into one, the harmonising of eastern and western civilisation, the creation of a State in which Arabs and Jews, while keeping their own culture, their own language and religion, would have common political and economic interests. Was all this an idle dream? There were difficulties and dissensions, in which intransigent Arabs and intransigent Zionists played their part and the Mandatory Power was criticised from both sides. Nevertheless, with all its ups and downs, the country made, and has continued to make, an immense advance; for that the Jews are entitled to the lion's share of the credit, and are justified, moreover, in their claim that the Arabs have shared in the advantages. But the spirit of co-operation—which was essential to the success of the experiment—has not kept step, despite the efforts of many of the Zionists, with economic development. And indeed it is the very success of the Jews—their increase in numbers, in wealth and in power—that has intensified Arab fears and hostility. Eighteen years ago the Nationalists who grumbled at the Mandate and denounced the Balfour Declaration were a voice crying in the wilderness. To-day they speak as the representatives of the great majority, if not the whole, of the Arab population, Moslem and Christian. It is neither here nor there to say that they are deluding their followers, or that the agitation is emotional and not rational. The same things have been said of every nationalistic movement (take Ireland, India and Egypt as examples in our recent history); the movement is none the less real and formidable for that.

The Arabs' case against the Jews has, of course, nothing to do with racialism. They are both Semites, cousins so to speak, and have lived together in amity in the past. Their fear is of being swamped by the Jews. In 1919, the Jews were about 9 per cent. of the total population of Palestine; to-day they are 30 per cent., and if immigration continues at the same rate as in the past few years, the Arabs argue, there will be a Jewish majority in or about 1942. It is possible that this is a false calculation, and it is arguable that a Jewish majority would not in any case be a disaster for Palestine, or for the Arabs themselves. But obviously such an argument will not appeal to men whose affinities are with their brethren over the borders, and who attack the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate as violations of pledges given by Great Britain to promote Arab independence or Arab union with other Arabs. We cannot enter here into the old controversy as to whether Palestine was or was not explicitly excluded from the assurances given by Sir Henry MacMahon to the Shiref Hussein in 1915. It must suffice to say that the Palestinian Arabs remain convinced of British perfidy, and contrast the subjection in which they are held with the self-government we have given in Iraq or Transjordan. It is useless to point out to them that the reason for the absence of self-government in Palestine is the refusal of Arabs and Jews to collaborate. Their reply, in its extremest form, is that we have no right to ask them to collaborate with Jews at all; in a milder form, that our terms of collaboration are unjust.

But questions relating to the legality of the Mandate are only of academic interest. The Arabs do not suppose that we are going to relinquish the Mandate, and their real concern is with its administration. They accuse us of unduly favouring the Jews, first and foremost in the matter of immigration, but also in a number of other ways. At the head of their economic grievances is the encroachment of the Jews on the land. This, they declare, is deliberately encouraged by the Government, despite the warnings and recommendations of experts and commissions. The fellahin, we are told, are gradually becoming landless, and holdings are being reduced to a size which is inadequate for a decent living. The answer of the Jews is that the land they buy is freely offered, that the price paid is fair and often generous, and that they put it to better use than do the Arabs. All of this may be true, but it does not necessarily meet the case. If there is substance in the Arab charges, it may be desirable to do in Palestine what has been done elsewhere, that is to say, to protect the interests of the Arab cultivator by forbidding the alienation of his land, or at least imposing closer restrictions on its sale. To investigate and make recommendations on this point will presumably be one of the chief tasks of the Royal Commission when at last it gets to work. But recommendations of the Royal Commission on the land question and on other minor grievances are not by themselves likely to make peace in Palestine. The Arabs still hope for, and the Jews still fear, limits on the National Home, in the shape of suspended or curtailed immigration. Without that the Arabs will say that our claim to be exercising the Mandate impartially and with equal regard to the welfare of both peoples is a patent mockery—or will be so in a few years' time. And the Zionists on their side will denounce limitation as violating their fundamental rights. Our contemporary, the *Jewish Chronicle*, is already up in arms. "Some interference with Jewish immigration, after order has been restored," it says, "is quite on the cards, and that is a calamitous possibility against which the Jews the world over cannot raise their voices too loudly or insistently."

Do the Jews, then, insist on their right to indefinite expansion, to become the majority in Palestine, whether the Arabs like it or not? If so, the task of the Mandatory Power is going to be a stiff one indeed!

A letter, which we print on another page of this issue, urges the abandonment of the Mandate by Great Britain. We doubt if this is a desirable or possible policy. We do not regard the National Home for the Jews as "quixotic," nor do we believe it will "antagonise the whole Moslem world" if it is properly conducted. The suggestions that the Mandate should be transferred to Turkey, or that Palestine should be amalgamated with the "new Syrian State," are not practical politics; the latter would be an undisguised betrayal of the Jews, and the former (even if Turkey were willing, which is more than doubtful) would be repugnant to Arabs and Jews alike. The argument that Palestine is of no strategic use to Britain would only be sound if Britain had decided to abandon her Empire, which, in spite of appearances, is by no means the case. Moreover, in the present state of the world we would certainly rather see Palestine in the hands of Great Britain than of Italy or Germany, which are the only two Powers who would be glad to have it. But that does not dispose of the matter. The price to be paid for Palestine as an "Imperial asset," or the sacrifices made for it as a "sacred trust," must be within reason. We cannot be expected to keep an army corps in the country to dragoon the Arabs in perpetuity. We cannot face with equanimity an indefinite period of passive resistance, boycott and dangerous repercussions abroad. The Arabs cannot be pushed into the desert or the Jews into the sea or back to the ghettos from which they came. There are only two practicable alternatives—a better and a worse. The better is that the two peoples should come together and compose their differences, in a spirit not merely of tolerance, but of readiness to make mutual concessions. If that proves to be impossible, there remains, as a *pis aller*, the policy of dividing the country into separate zones for Arabs and Jews. It is a policy which has a good many advocates, among whom are numbered Mr. Amery and Sir Stafford Cripps. For our own part, we do not regard it as quite so simple as some of them do, to put the Jews in the plains and the Arabs in the hills, to promote self-government through a federal council and to provide a special regime for exceptional places like Jerusalem and Haifa. But it is feasible, and there are even some who think that after a time, when relations had improved, it might lead to a desire to exchange separation for union.

THE STRATEGY OF THE GERMAN ATTACK ON THE U.S.S.R.

[The following article (to be continued in a second article next week) is part of a chapter in a forthcoming book by Ernst Henri, author of one of the most remarkable books on Nazi Germany, *Hitler Over Europe*. The new book, also to be published by Messrs. Dent, with the title of *Hitler Over Russia*, discusses with a wealth of detail how, according to the author's information, Germany may launch her threatened attack on the U.S.S.R. Mr. Henri, who is more confident than we are about this attack, is equally convinced that it will fail and that the U.S.S.R. will be victorious.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GENERAL assault on Russia! How is this plan to be realised? How is the defeat of Bolshevism to take place? An almost fantastic strategical map immediately becomes displayed. Attack on a territory of eight and a quarter million square miles, twice the expanse of Europe, with a frontal border of 2,000 miles (land frontier in the west), with 175 million inhabitants from sea to sea! That is no Abyssinian or Chinese adventure. Never in recent times has a military commander been faced by such a problem. One could speak of the project of a German break-through in Belgium to be followed by a march on Paris, or of an entente thrust across the Rhine into Western Germany. One could imagine the conquest of large defenceless colonial territories, of the disarmed provinces of Manchuria or the biblical wastes of Ethiopia. But how is an annihilating blow—for it must be annihilating—to be aimed at a modern, excellently equipped and excellently organised country of ninety-three times the size of Great Britain, thirty-nine times the size of France, a country with a potential army of twenty millions and the most powerful industry in Europe to-day?

The General Staff of German Fascism—which is not the old Schlieffen General Staff, that of rational and normal strategy—is compelled to seek this way. Whatever the geographical, the strategical, the technical, the social conditions may be, it must have it for its war at all costs. Just as for centuries German generals have had their eyes fixed on the 400-mile northern frontier of France, in order to accomplish the short 200-mile march on Paris—which they have managed only once (1871)—so now the Hitler generals stand facing the 2,000-mile boundary of the Soviet Union. Moscow is the goal—Moscow, the hub of the Union, at the least, for the Socialist army would give final battle to German and Japanese Fascism only in the Urals, 1,250 miles away (the distance from Madrid to the Polish frontier), having previously made the most of the whole vast area.

The 2,000-mile line of the Russian front from the Arctic down to the Black Sea falls into *five* strategical zones or sectors, through which an offensive can be directed:

(1) The extreme northern *Carelian zone*, from the Spitzberg Sea down to the Ladoga Lake (opposite the Gulf of Finland), an expanse of about 750 miles.

(2) The *Baltic zone*, stretching inland from the Gulf of Finland to the Dvina, along the Soviet frontier with Finland (southern corner), Esthonia, and Latvia, about 340 miles long and with the *route to Leningrad*.

(3) The *White Russian zone*, continuation of the Baltic zone from the Dvina down to the tributaries of the River Pripet, about 250 miles in the middle of the Soviet map, covering the northern section of the frontier between Poland and the Soviet Union. Here is the *route to Smolensk*, the intermediate station on the military road Warsaw–Moscow and Napoleon's first bivouacking site in 1812.

(4) The *Ukrainian zone* (as far as the Dnjestr), about 230 miles in length along the southern section of the Polish-Russian frontier and covering the *route to Kiev*.

(5) The extreme southerly *Black Sea zone*, about 300 miles along the Dnjestr, the last sector of the western boundary of the Soviet Union—the frontier with Rumania. From here runs the *route to Odessa*.

Those are the five routes for an offensive against the Soviet Union, the five apertures leading to the interior of the Socialist continent. Each of them is at least as long as the entire Franco-Belgian frontier with Germany in 1914. Two apparently point the way to Moscow; the route via Leningrad about 400 miles in length, that via White Russia and Smolensk of about 470 miles. The distance to Paris from the German-Belgian frontier amounted to 200 miles in 1914. Which of these directions will German Fascism, the army of the Great Crusade, choose for the decisive thrust against the Red Front, the "general break-through," intended to "pierce" this front, like that of France in 1914, and to strike at the very roots of the Soviet Union with the first blow?

This is, in some sort, a historical question. But the answer to it does not appear to be difficult; no more than that concerning the direction of the main German offensive against Joffre in 1914.

The *storming of Leningrad*, the first fortress of the Bolshevik Revolution, is the essence and the crown of Germany's new

strategic plan in the east, and that explains much of what is going on already to-day.

What is the significance of Leningrad in the German offensive in the east?

Strategically it seems an ideal operative goal. Leningrad is that point in the whole Soviet position which is furthest advanced and consequently to be reached most speedily. Its distance from the frontier in the south (frontier with Esthonia) amounts to seventy-five miles, the distance in the north (frontier with Finland) to twenty-two miles, while the breadth of this northern front, wedged between the Gulf of Finland and Lake Ladoga, is thirty-seven miles. Thus there is here a real *gate*, leading into Leningrad. But it is not the only gate. In the west Leningrad lies directly on a third frontier—and that is the Gulf of Finland. The city is protected by the naval fortress of Kronstadt on Kotlin, an island lying in front of it. The Gulf of Finland belongs to him who has naval supremacy in the Baltic. Thus the possessor of this supremacy is on this side not much more than thirty miles away from Leningrad (distance Kronstadt–Leningrad). That is the operative situation—seventy-five miles, twenty-two miles, thirty miles, from three sides. For Germany this means two things. First a powerful direct *naval base* for an attack on the Soviet position. A direct deployment base of their own for the German forces was, however, precisely what, as we have seen, they were lacking in all the other routes; everywhere the German army would have to accomplish a long, difficult, and very doubtful march through alien territory, with hostile populations and undeveloped railways. The Baltic, however, turned in the hands of the new German naval fleet into a kind of German inland sea, is for the German army like an internal route leading straight to a vital centre of the Soviet Union. That is a circumstance of very great significance. It puts an end quickly to all the controversies on the theme that "Germany has no frontier with the Soviets." The Baltic is the new Belgium of the east. Not only can the German fleet itself undertake from the Gulf of Finland a frontal assault on Kronstadt and attempt to blockade Leningrad, but with its help the second base for the German deployment on this sector can also be established, fortified to an extraordinary degree and made almost unassailable—the *land base*. The zone of Leningrad is the only one which can be reached by the German troops along the land route without difficulties and relatively quickly. The march through the Baltic countries, beginning near Memel, is the most favourable of any that the German army can have in the east, and which, too, presents no novelty for it. In 1918 the German army of General Hoffmann was in Kovno, in Riga, in Reval, and in Finland; in 1919—after Brest-Litovsk—the Baltic Division commanded by a subordinate of Hoffmann, General Count von der Goltz, entered Soviet territory together with Russian White Guardists near Pskov and immediately south of the suburbs of Leningrad. The political Baltic of to-day, with its four weak border States, incapable of resistance, is a creation of Brest-Litovsk—of General Hoffmann, that is to say, once again. German-Baltic groups in the population, remnants of the former ruling feudal caste, scattered over all the border States, provide natural backing for a German army passing through from East Prussia to the Gulf of Finland. Baltic Fascism, born of Germany and organised by her, animated solely by the idea of another joint war against Russia, will, if it has not already done so beforehand, clear the way for the advancing German troops, the way for their transit; that is what it is there for. In these circumstances the march Königsberg–Memel–Riga–Reval may become (apart from the resistance from the working-class and progressive elements in the Baltic countries) a "walking tour" for the German expeditionary force. But even if it meets with resistance and the three Governments of the Baltic Entente, in order to save the independence of their countries, oppose their nine weak divisions to the German "hammer"—this hammer will hardly need to strike, because one single warning shot from the German dreadnoughts outside the harbours of Memel, Riga and Reval will be enough to extract from the bourgeois Governments absolute, mute obedience to Germany. With its naval artillery the German Baltic fleet can subjugate the three Baltic countries within a few hours; the fourth, the Finland of Mannerheim and Hackzell, is already its ally. It can at the same time assist in the transport of troops across the Baltic Sea to the coast, and above all it can in the best possible way convey to the front those great masses of heavy technical war material without which a modern offensive is inconceivable—artillery, tanks, transport material, ammunition, stores, etc., and food supplies. The German mercantile marine, with its four and a half million tons (compared with five and a half million before the war), again to-day the third largest in the world, only behind Britain and the U.S.A., is, under the protection of the navy, ideal for executing this task. It can accumulate for the attack a vast mass of technical war material in the land-approaches to Leningrad, which no existing railway system in the east could do. That means a great deal; in view of the character of modern war, everything. The German naval base and the German land base supplement each other and seem to combine in a really powerful starting position; and the unfavourable strategic situation of Leningrad itself seemingly fits in with this tendency. Strategically, therefore, Leningrad is the given point for a German attack in the East.

Politically it is so at least to the same extent. Leningrad is the most important political and moral (if no longer economic) centre in the Soviet Union after Moscow; the seat and the birthplace of the Revolution; in the eyes of the Socialist Soviet people and in the eyes of the surrounding world something of the very marrow of Russia and something of the very marrow of the Soviet system. This means two things. The taking of Leningrad would (according to German calculations) inflict a mighty, perhaps mortal, shock on the moral stability and the militant will of the Socialist nation; would bring panic and uncertainty to the whole front of the Soviet masses. And this same conquest, through the same moral effect, would operate towards the other side; would awaken and mobilise the Russian counter-revolution, the old overthrown class of the bourgeoisie and the kulaks, which in the opinion of the Fascist strategists is not yet dead. "Leningrad taken by Hitler!" That would mean immediately afterwards: "New Russian Fascist Government established in Leningrad!" It is indeed clear straight away that the first act of a victorious German army of occupation in Leningrad would be the proclamation of a "new national Russian Government." A Government which actually would constitute only a species of colonial administration, recruited from the last remaining scum of the unemployed Russian White Guardists, but which would have the practical task of organising, with the help of German troops (and bombing planes), a new governmental Fascism proclaiming its installation in the old capital city!

The Nazis have their Russian colonial cadres, that is the purpose of the Russian Division of the Eastern Fascist League. And, according to their calculations, the capture of Leningrad is the best starting-point, the best inflammatory spark, for kindling simultaneously with the external military thrust against the Soviet Union an internal, political disintegration in her hinterland. In this aspect there is hidden in actual fact one of the most important ideas in the entire German plan. The Fascist strategists think that this perspective may possibly spare them the necessity of the further, lengthy march to Moscow—even after the occupation of Leningrad an almost inconceivable task—or at any rate lighten and simplify it to an extraordinary extent. The main thing is to have first of all taken by storm a vital political centre of Socialism. And Leningrad is that.

Upon this basic idea is built up the entire strategic composition for the war in the east, as in its time the campaign of 1914 was built up on the advance of Kluck's right wing through Belgium against Paris. The "Eastern" Schlieffen thrust also takes place in the north. It is the *left wing* of the Fascist crusade in the area between the Arctic Ocean and the Black Sea which is to play the leading role. The general attack on Leningrad is the key operation against Moscow. From there the rest of the plan of campaign develops.

ERNST HENRI

A LONDON DIARY

THE action of the Pope in blessing the Spanish rebels raises some interesting points. The opponents of Catholic Emancipation in this country always argued that the Pope claimed the right to release subjects from their civil allegiance. They seem to have been right. Secondly, what do good Catholics make of a Papal blessing for Mohammedan Moors when they slaughter Basque Catholics? Thirdly, included in this blessing are the soldiers who killed militiamen—as the *Times* correspondent described it—on the altar steps of Badajoz Cathedral. Surely we must go back a long way—to the days of the Schism and the less reputable Popes, I think—to find a Vicar of Christ condoning, and even approving, a holy and bloodthirsty war carried out by infidels. I fully sympathise with the horror of Roman Catholics at the burning of churches and images, but those who know anything of the history of Spain might surely have expected from the Pope a call to repentance, because the Church, which has dominated that country for so many centuries, has kept its children in such brutal ignorance and superstition that when a chance of freedom comes to them their instinct is to burn and kill in revenge. The other day a platform speaker in this country was asked about people burning the churches. Well, he said, the Church has burnt enough of them! They are only getting a bit of their own back! A savage reply; but it is a pity when English Catholics forget the historical background of Spanish savagery.

* * *

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has always held that the turning point in the Manchurian affair and, indeed, one of the greatest disasters in the history of the League and of post-war diplomacy was the failure of the British Government to co-operate with the United States in opposing Japan's aggression in January, 1932. Mr. Stimson, who was Secretary of State and in charge of American diplomacy from 1929–1933, has now written a book confirming this view. The book is called the *Far-Eastern Crisis*; it is published by Harpers and distributed in this country by the Royal Institute of International Affairs at the price of 15*s*. Sir Francis Lindley, who was British Ambassador in Tokyo at the time and who has written in our correspondence columns denying that a great opportunity was missed by Sir John Simon on this occasion, would do well to read Mr. Stimson's evidence.

* * *

Mr. Stimson describes the alarm of the United States Government at the advance of Japan and his conversation with Mr. Hoover before sending the note of January 7th, which informed Japan that the United States would not recognise its lawless conquests in China. British interests and past co-operation with the United States in China led him to expect ready co-operation from this country. Instead of that, on January 11th, the British Government published in the press a communiqué which could only be regarded, in Mr. Stimson's words, "by most readers, including—what was most important—the Japanese Government, as a rebuff to the United States." This was the astonishing document which stated that the British Government saw no reason to associate itself with the American note, because Japan had promised to adhere to the Open Door policy! The communiqué "ignored entirely the questions of world peace and China's integrity which we had deemed the most important features not only of our note, but of the previous three months' negotiations in which we had been supporting the efforts of the League of Nations and the British Government. The communiqué dealt solely with the single problem of continuing trade relations with Manchuria." The *Times* rubbed in the snub in a way which, it is clear, the United States Government never forgot. Mr. Stimson adds that his hope of restraining Japan was that she would know that the U.S.A. and the British Commonwealth were united against her unilateral action. Sir John Simon and the *Times* destroyed this belief and the tone of Japanese replies to the United States at once became contemptuous and insolent. Mr. Stimson describes the immense popular feeling in the United States when a few weeks later the Japanese burned Chapei—a feeling comparable only to that which followed the invasion of Belgium and the Bryce report on atrocities. Again Britain was approached and again the United States was given to understand that England would not associate herself in any American action. All this story, told with dates and documents and in studiously courteous and precise language, constitutes the most devastating criticism of British diplomacy that can ever have come from the Foreign Minister of a friendly Power.

* * *

Readers of Robert Dell's *Germany Unmasked* may remember the documented account he gave of Nazi propaganda in South America. A very interesting proof that this continues unabated came to me the other day direct from a very high authority in Washington. Why, a friend of mine asked, is Roosevelt building such a colossal navy? Is an early war contemplated with Japan? The reply was surprising. No, war was not expected against Japan and the chief reason was the necessity for looking after the Atlantic defences of the whole American Continent. Isolation from Europe carries with it the implication of a strict interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, and I gather that the United States authorities are considerably disturbed about the long-distance effects of German propaganda in Brazil, still a largely unexplored and uncolonised country which is bigger in area than the United States. I gather that Hitler has in effect been given to understand that France and Great Britain will never agree to a German colony in Africa (unless it was a Portuguese colony perhaps?) while they would not be concerned with Hitler's colonising ambitions in South America. Meanwhile, the United States has washed its hands of Africa, but would defend South America at all costs against any German expansion there! And if I point out that there is more uninhabited, habitable territory in Brazil than anywhere else in the world I should be accused of truckling to Hitler and supporting British against American imperialism. We are all quite mad.

* * *

I gather that the new Spanish Government has not yet succeeded in "managing" its anarchist supporters. They are difficult allies both in Madrid and Catalonia. True to their principles, they refused, for a long time, to have any officers at all and were killed in thousands. Now they have compromised; they have people in authority whom they call "supervisors," or something of the kind. In their favour is a very interesting report by M. Louzon, a French Syndicalist economist, who has spent some time in Catalonia. Authority he found everywhere in the hands of the workers' committees, which were drawn from all the Government parties, including the "bourgeois Left," but the real power was necessarily in the hands of the groups which provided the most soldiers and energy—which means in Catalonia in the hands of the Syndicalists and Anarchists. Proletarian control, he remarks, even affects clothing. "In a capitalist society every member of the intermediate classes tries to dress like a bourgeois . . . to-day, in Barcelona everybody tries to be a workman." Even the few remaining *flâneurs* in the Paseo de Gracia, and even the police, insist on wearing dungarees with the insignia of office on top! M. Louzon says that all the main services are now under workers' control and are run, in his view, efficiently. He prints, for instance, the new constitution of the cinema industry. The income of the workers depends on the net receipts, which are divided among them in a proportion which varies between one unit (the share of the lady who looks after the w.c.s) and 1½ units (the wage of the skilled operator). There is a maximum wage of 175 pesetas; the Central Committee is elected by the workers, who can only be dismissed for misconduct as judged by a meeting of their branch. The ex-proprietors of the cinema have been deprived of control, but offered jobs as advisers to the Central Committee. They

are offered twice the salary of a skilled operator. M. Louzon does not say how many of them have accepted this offer.

* * *

The Communist Party seems to have taken to heart my remarks about their inability to understand British psychology. At any rate, their latest propaganda shows a remarkable change. They have organised a new kind of march timed to reach Hyde Park at 4 o'clock next Sunday. It takes the form of a "Pageant" of 700 years of English history, portrayed on about 100 banners displaying English historical scenes from the signing of Magna Charta to the General Strike, all illustrating "centuries of struggle against poverty and tyranny and for a Merry England." There will be portraits of the great democrats of politics and literature, culminating with present-day Communist leaders! The conclusion that the crowd is supposed to draw is that the Communist Party is the true heir to the traditions built up by the pioneers of British Socialism and Democracy.

* * *

I have in front of me an interesting little example of German thoroughness. It is a slip of red paper which was attached to a tube of petrol used to refill the smoker's lighter. The tube was about the size of a toothpaste tube. On the paper is printed a warning not to throw it away as useless because it contains valuable metal which the State has to import. You are instructed to give it to your regular rag-and-bone man (*Ihren Altmaterialiensammler*), who will see that it is put to proper further use.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Charles J. Noble.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Christ Himself declared that it is hard for the rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. But it is not impossible, nor, indeed, is it even a rare occurrence.—*Evening News.*

The use of Esq. in addressing is just one of those little formalities that help to keep the Communist from the door. By all means let us continue to have them.—Letter in *Daily Express.*

Miss Ishbel MacDonald, who spoke on the Toddler in the Home, has devoted herself for many years to looking after the home life of her father, The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald.—*News Chronicle.*

The "market"—similar in nature to a church bazaar—was organised to help the funds of the Young Britons, which is a movement instituted by the Conservative party for the training and enlightenment of the country's youth, and to-day's audience was composed mainly of women of all ages from 17 to 70. Children are eligible for membership between the ages of 6 and 16. Lady Bird went on to say that she felt the movement was so patriotic that it was almost non-political.—*Wolverhampton Express and Star.*

Describing the cult of the body as a "modern mania" and "the cause of the present world-wide dementia, the orgy of lust and passion for killing," the Rev. Robert Irons, vicar of St. Paul's, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, has launched an attack in his parish magazine on beach undressing.—*Daily Telegraph.*

On Saturday last my house was struck by lightning, and a fire commenced under my roof. This was speedily extinguished with the help of the brigade, whose leader and staff were prompt and cheery in the execution of their duty.

Earlier in the day we (*i.e.*, my wife and household) had asked for divine protection from hurt and accident, and this gave us the opportunity of rendering praise for the answer to our prayer.—Letter in *Wimbledon Times.*

Two of your correspondents try to prove that Christ was a Jew. Since Christ had no father on earth, this statement is an absolute untruth.—Letter from Margaret Collins (for the British Union of Fascists and National Socialists) in *Hampstead and Highgate Express.*

CHANGING ONE'S MIND

LORD BALFOUR towards the end of his life told his niece, Mrs. Dugdale (who has now written his biography), that, looking back, he could remember having changed his opinion about scarcely anything. When I read this, I could not help wondering whether he was to be envied or not. Nothing surely could make a man more serenely happy than to feel that in the crises in his own or his country's life he was nearly always right. You may think that this would lead to complacency, but complacency, though widely condemned by the moralists, is at least a very agreeable sensation. The man who has never seen cause for changing his opinions lives in the sunshine of his own rightness and this is reflected in his disposition. Even in the hour of defeat, it is something to know that one is right. In the hour of victory, it is intoxicating—at times almost fatally so.

Yet who that has changed one of his opinions after another looks back longingly to the opinions he has abandoned? Most of us are inclined to congratulate ourselves rather on having escaped from folly into wisdom. We look back to our early tastes in literature, for example, and feel no regret in having got rid of a good number of them. There are, I suppose, people who are born with perfect taste—who never worshipped an idol with feet of clay—but they are rare even among the fastidious. For, especially when one is young, there are all sorts of reasons for enjoying books that have nothing to do with good taste. If one is a pious child, one can enjoy a poorly enough written story about the dying ten-year-old son of a burglar at the end of which the hard heart of the parent melts into a Christian softness. I have been moved by many such stories, and thought them better literature at the age of ten than I think them now. I have also changed my opinion about the excellence of penny dreadfuls, and I do not rate Marie Corelli and Hall Caine quite so high as I rated them in the early 'nineties. Kipling became a god to me for half a dozen years; then, chiefly for political reasons, he became a vulgar rhetorician; finally, passions having cooled, I could enjoy his humour and his imaginative energy and cease to care what his opinions on politics were. This, I think, is a normal process in our taste for books. We come to lose interest in what we once loved passionately, and we come to love passionately what once bored us.

I remember how many attempts I had to make to read *David Copperfield* before I could get on with it. Even though I had liked others of Dickens's novels, I found *David Copperfield* heavy going. I persevered, however, and suddenly one day broke through into an enchanted world. When once you are converted to *David Copperfield*, I doubt whether you can ever change your opinion about it again. Certainly, I have never yet met a convert who changed his opinion about it again. To the end of life it remains one of the six greatest novels. I found no similar need to change my opinion about Scott and Thackeray; I liked them from the beginning, and though I no longer like them so extravagantly, I still hate to hear them belittled. Jane Austen, on the other hand—what girlish stuff she seemed to be to a schoolboy just learning to smoke in the prime, so to speak, of manhood! It took me quite a long time to enjoy the niceties of Jane Austen.

Looking back, indeed, I see my life as one long series of changes of opinion. I remember the time when I thought the verse of Mr. W. B. Yeats all but nonsense, and how it was succeeded by a time when I worshipped him. I remember the ecstasy and, after that, the boredom, of reading Swinburne. I remember when Emerson changed from a prophet into one of the great unread. One cannot help feeling a little sad at times at the thought of all the great writers one has deserted. One feels that one owes a certain loyalty to writers who once lit up the world for one, and that there is an element of treachery in neglecting them as if they were dross. How pleasant it is to open one of their books now and then, and to be able to feel, while re-reading it: "Yes, he's good—

not so good as I once thought him, but still good." But even then, the old rapture can seldom be rekindled. Whitman, Emerson and Carlyle—they remain men of genius, but not on the old gigantic scale. That, perhaps, is the penalty of having mingled teaching with literature. We become sated with the teaching and have no more appetite for it. Even Swinburne was in his way a teacher—a teacher of Victorian heresies. His teaching intensified the rapture of his disciples and the weariness of those who came after them. Much the same thing occurred in regard to the paintings of G. F. Watts. Men who found inspiration in him in the 'nineties now look for it in vain. Time has changed their opinions for them. The great teacher has vanished, and a great enough painter does not remain to make up for the loss.

It is obvious, of course, that our present opinions about once-loved writers and painters to whom we have turned Laodicean may be as wrong as we think our former opinions were. They may be due not to the improvement of our taste but to our fickleness. At the same time, we cannot help believing that our present opinions are always right. We are as complacent as the most consistent Conservative. Exalted by our latest opinion, we feel like a man who, having missed the way again and again, has found the right way at last. You will notice this in some cases of religious conversion. I once knew a man who passed from Methodism to Atheism, and from Atheism to Unitarianism, and from Unitarianism to Catholicism, and who was equally confident at each stage that by changing his opinions he had found truth at last. He regarded me as hopelessly stupid when he vainly tried to thrust Ingersoll down my throat, and he afterwards regarded me as equally stupid when he fruitlessly assaulted me with quotations from Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. It would have been useless to say to him: "You admit that you were wrong before. You may be wrong again." Few people believe in the possibility of their being wrong again.

In this respect, I am as complacent as anyone. At least, in matters of politics. I have changed my political opinions a number of times and never once had I the slightest doubt that my new opinion was as patently true as an axiom in *Euclid*. Who that has ever experienced the raptures of Liberal Unionism can fail to remember what a grand inspired gospel it seemed? Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. From that I passed on and became what I called an Imperialist Russellite Socialist. I was confident that if everybody else became an Imperialist Russellite Socialist—and I saw no reason except their blindness to argument why other people should not do so—the world would be transformed and we should all settle down to the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and fraternity, while the organ in the Ulster Hall played *Rule Britannia*. Veering somewhat in my opinions, I then became an International Nationalist, and I can assure you that once more I was vehemently convinced that I was right. I did not care twopence what I had believed in the past. I had now found the key to the world's salvation.

Unfortunately, I have not Mr. Gladstone's lifelong capacity for conversion and I cannot experience the ecstasy of being converted to any of those new creeds that have burst into existence during my middle age. I see all about me, however, younger men and women undergoing the marvellous experience of conversion, and I cannot but wonder whether, from a purely hedonistic view, they are not even more to be envied than the changeless Lord Balfour. To go through life without ever being converted to anything seems almost insensitive. The ideal world would be a world in which everybody was capable of conversion and in which at the same time the converts would admit the possibility that they might be mistaken. That, unfortunately, is impossible. It is of the essence of conversion, or change of opinion, that the convert should know that he is absolutely and indubitably right. I myself sometimes wish that the people who are not sure that they are right would form a league to control the people who know that they are right and turn this splendid knowledge to the world's advantage. But then I have changed my opinions to a point at which I am not sure that my latest opinion is right. I do not even feel sure that my opinion that my latest opinion may not be right is right.

Y. Y.

THE RAT PROBLEM

A RECENT report by Dr. W. M. Willoughby, the medical officer of health for the City of London, reveals the fact that in the last few years there has been in London a large increase in the rat population. To the thoughtful observer this must give food for serious thought, since in spite of the many so-called triumphs of our age the rat still holds its own. An exact census of our rat population is impossible, but experts reckon that these destructive and disease-carrying animals in this country alone must number over seventy million and entail an annual damage and wastage of approximately twenty million pounds. Rats breed throughout the greater part of the year. The period of gestation is twenty-one days and impregnation may be renewed within twenty-four hours of the birth of a litter. Mr. Mark Hovel has calculated that the number of rats produced in a single year by a pair and its descendants amounts to over one thousand and if the calculation is continued for one year longer, on the happily fallacious basis that there is no mortality amongst the rats, the figure increases to twenty million. Mr. Hovel has also recorded the amount of wheat and flour that a rat will eat. He states that a single pair will devour the equivalent of more than eighty quarten loaves in a year.

The common Brown Rat is supposed to have originated from Asia, reaching Europe as a camp follower of man, sometime in the fourteenth century, and the war between human beings and these rodents has been a ding-dong campaign ever since. Deadly poisons, traps, firearms and innumerable other weapons have been marshalled against the rat, and yet the animal contrives to live and flourish at the expense of its foes.

Some years ago I conducted an inquiry on behalf of the Ministry of Agriculture and the Zoological Society on the various methods of rat destruction. The poison I recommended, and which is now used in the Zoological Gardens, is Squill, an extract of the bulb of *Scilla maritima*, which in the small quantities used in rat destruction is harmless to domestic animals. It is used with success in a liquid form, bread being soaked in a solution of the poison mixed with equal parts of milk. Numerous experiments were conducted during the inquiry, including some with the object of ascertaining what baits rats found most attractive, as no device depending on food being taken, however ingenious, could otherwise prove a success. Plain bread was found more attractive than any other food. Fats, lard and dripping were seldom taken, but tallow was regularly eaten. Contrary to expectations, meat and fish, even when smoked, were only accepted when no other food was available. Cheese, the traditional bait, was not found to be specially popular. Assuming 100 to represent bread, the rats' ideal food, I found oatmeal to stand at 80, tallow at 70, banana at 60, bloater paste at 30, maize, cabbage, dripping, smoked fish and cheese at 20, lard, meat and fresh fish at 10.

Trapping experiments showed that whilst the width of a trap was adequate if it allowed free passage of the animal, a low trap seemed to arouse a suspicion and a high door was essential. The stockade trap, consisting of a wide stockade about 4ft. high constructed to enclose a space about 10ft. square, was also instrumental in catching large numbers of rats. In order to dispense with the human element, I worked out a scheme that enabled the open door which rested on a hinge to fall by being drawn towards an electro-magnet, the latter being connected with a number of batteries and an alarm clock. Thus, if I wished the doors of the trap to shut at a certain time, all that was necessary was to set the alarm for that time, when the current acting on the magnet released the doors.

On a large scale, where the rat holes cover a considerable

area, the use of gas has given excellent results and there are indeed records of even such a homely gas supply as the exhaust of a motor car relayed by lengths of hose pipe being highly efficacious.

Apart from the many more obvious methods of destruction, attention has for some years been attracted to one of the most ingenious schemes that have ever been evolved for the elimination of the rodents. The scheme, devised by an Australian, Mr. Rodier, consists simply of trapping rats *en masse*, killing the females and liberating the males. According to the inventor of this plan, the brideless males repeat the old legend of the Kilkenny cats and make war upon each other. A society calling themselves the K.A.F. (Kill All Females) has been formed in Australia, and they claim to have improved on the Rodier method by feeding the captured male rats before being liberated on nothing but rat flesh. The animals soon acquire the taste and the bloodthirsty cannibals are then sent forth to work destruction on their own species to the exclusion of all else. The Rodier system was put in force at the Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester, some years ago and proved to be a success for a short while. It was claimed, however, by some that the reduction of the rat population was due to persistent trapping which so impressed itself upon some of the rats that they left the affected area for some safer quarters.

Though it is common to credit animals with more intelligence than is their due, the rat's sagacity is without doubt considerable. As an example I offer the following story, vouched for by two witnesses actually carrying out official investigations at a huge rubbish dump. There a hoary old grandfather rat was known to have two connecting burrows, one of which was generally used by the animal. The favourite exit was therefore guarded by a trap with the result that he used only the untampered egress. When finally both escapes were trapped, the rat sprang the remaining instrument of death by turning his back upon it and casting a heavy mound of earth over the trap with his hind limbs.

In the course of recent investigations it has been ascertained that not only has the common brown rat very greatly increased in numbers of recent years, but that since the war the old English black rat or plague rat has become more abundant in London, and I have myself found both species living in harmony on the same premises.

In conclusion, it may be urged that too much encouragement can scarcely be given to the rat's natural enemies—stoats, hawks, owls, etc., which are to-day killed in vast numbers in the name of game preservation. The game killed, especially by owls, for example, is negligible in proportion to the rats they destroy. The fewer natural enemies the rat has to meet, the more it will prosper and divert human activities that might be better employed.

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

THE BRUSSELS CONGRESS

SIR,—"Critic" went to the first World Peace Congress at Brussels and returned to write "A Brussels Diary." He does not appear to have read any of the memoranda or reports, to have brought any of the Congress Bulletins or to have talked to any of the delegates. Had "Critic" attended the meeting of the British Delegation, he would have heard from the most diverse shades of opinion, from Communists and Conservatives, and from the most diverse professions not only agreement on future peace action in Britain, but the most complete understanding of why they were there and complete agreement that the Congress had succeeded.

What was the purpose of the Congress, of which "Critic" appears not to have heard? It was to bring together all those different organisations and opinions which will accept or work under the Four Point policy to plan a scheme of action by which public opinion can be mobilised to support the Four Points, and by which the Governments can also be compelled to carry out this policy. "Critic" will not deny that the acceptance and carrying out of these four points would necessitate a change in present British foreign policy, nor that a sufficiently strong and active body of public opinion could compel that change. The Congress aimed at organising the power of all the peace forces to accomplish this task.

The Congress achieved success. No one who honestly listened to the speeches can doubt that they were the expression of a tremendously wide support for collective security. No one who honestly reads the plans can fail to say "if these are carried out then no Government will dare to ignore the power of the peace movement."

But in "Critic's" view these are empty phrases, because no resolution of support for Spain accompanied it. He is amazed to find the leader of the French Communist Party checking a demonstration for Spain. Why, when the French Communist Party is declaring every day for "*Les Avions pour l'Espagne*," when the British Communist Party is leading the movement for the support of Spanish democracy and is calling on the whole Labour movement and every peace lover to support the cause of Spain, which is the cause of world peace and freedom, why did they not take the opportunity to press these slogans and resolutions on the World Congress? Simply because the Communist Parties are also prepared to work to the extent of their power for a broad movement, based on as simple a policy as the Brussels four points, which shall include organisations and opinions which do not yet see the struggle in Spain as we and "Critic" see it. And because we believe that such a movement is vital for the defence of the League, for the arousing of public opinion as never before against the aggressor.

Let us face the question frankly. A hitherto unknown unity of peace opinion was achieved under the four points. The Congress was not called to discuss these points, but to plan action in their support. Many of the organisations represented at Brussels were not prepared to discuss the question of Spain.

The movement must start with the greatest possible unity based on simple plans and we declare that if every meeting, every demonstration, every petition and resolution proposed in the Congress resolutions is carried out, then the peace movement will spread like a prairie fire throughout this country and others.

Why is there not universal agreement on Franco's offensive? Let us face facts: public opinion was not yet sufficiently instructed to recognise the real issues of the situation.

The Communists are continuing their direct campaign for the support of Spain. Spain is not an isolated incident; it is evidence of the truth that "Peace is indivisible." The movement initiated at Brussels will enormously stimulate the work for peace, and help to develop the forces which can curb aggressors.

The Communist Party of Great Britain. HARRY POLLITT
16 King Street, W.C.2.

SIR,—We regret that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should side with the Blimps, and that "Critic's" impressions of the Brussels Peace Congress should be as dreary as they are misleading. Of course, everyone wishes that it had taken place ten years ago, and many of us would rather have discussed "*Les Avions pour l'Espagne*"—but this would have alienated all centre-party delegates—and surely Spanish events have shown how important centre-support may be? (And what a pity "Critic" should have been distressed by so many platitudes! If he had attended, say, the Press Commission, for example, he might have been less *agacé*—more helpful.)

We do not believe that delegates left "with less faith than when they arrived," but that they went home from the various Commissions armed with concrete proposals for local propaganda and constructive work—thus the Radio Commission were pledged to agitate for the broadcasting of debates in the League, and in the various legislatures when foreign policy and armaments were discussed, and to demand broadcasts for peace organised by the I.P.C. Teachers are examining text-books to cleanse them from mischievous nationalism, journalists will establish a National Publicity Committee as clearing house for peace news, and will organise protests against the dismissal of journalists for reasons of conscience; the Theatre and Arts Commission produced among other things tentative plans for an International Peace Pageant on the battlefields. These are just a fraction of the proposals taken at random from four commissions, but there were probably many better ones—in the Trades Union Commission, for example. Suggestions are now being made for holding a British Peace Congress on the same lines in the near future.

H. N. Brailsford in his admirable pamphlet *Towards a New League* stresses the need for a Popular Front, and urges us "to try to avoid words that drive us into camps." If the Left ignore his advice and adopt sectarian attitudes "Critic's" vision may come true and the map of Europe be rolled up indeed.

MONTAGU SLATER (Theatre and Arts Commission)
M. L. BURNET (Economic Commission)
BEATRIX TUDOR-HART (Education Commission)
PHŒBE POOL (Press and Radio Commission)

SIR,—As one of the working-class people who attended the Brussels Peace Conference at some personal inconvenience, and as the representative of several thousands of my fellow workers, may I dissent from the gloomy findings of your contributor in last week's issue? Much as we disliked being without a hotel, and one or two other unimportant details in the Conference organisation, we were encouraged to work for peace with renewed vigour and enthusiasm. After all, a bit of "roughing it" is nothing new to people with sincere convictions and especially the working classes whose everyday life is something of a struggle.

Methods?

First, by making the country hum with well-organised propaganda. The Peace Ballot showed unmistakably what might be done with very limited resources. The whole country could be roused if the Trade Unions, Churches, Co-ops and other innumerable progressive societies pooled their effort.

The main and first objective, as I see it, is to provide machinery whereby the voice of the masses may be heard. The dynamic for peace will not come from a bureau or committee of idealists, pacifists or politicians sitting in London or elsewhere. It will spring from the people themselves, for they possess the real power.

Regional organisation which will provide adequate time and convenience for the expression of the ordinary man's point of view is urgently necessary. I hope that whatever future activity results, it will take cognisance of this. The closer the executive is to the people the better.

There are a dozen other ways of tackling this great problem of peace, but space precludes mention of them here.

Suffice it to say that in my humble opinion great and lasting good will emerge from the unique assembly at Brussels.

"Cragmoor," Norton Lane, Norton-le-Moors, Stoke-on-Trent.
ALBERT E. DAVIES, Secretary, North Staffs Trades and Labour Council

PALESTINE

SIR,—In your issue of September 12th Mr. Ghory refers to a complaint by the Arab National Committee in Lydda as to the behaviour of British troops in a neighbouring village, which had been mentioned in your issue of August 29th. The village in question is no doubt Quleh, and the Committee's complaint about it, while addressed to the High Commissioner, was published in pamphlet form. The main points in it were that an Arab woman and child had been shot by our troops and that four houses had been demolished by order of the District Commissioner. It was said that there was no reason for these things, the inhabitants having protested that "not a single shot had been fired from the village." A copy of the pamphlet was sent to me on August 11th. I remembered the events, for I had been in Palestine at the time (I have lived there for the past fourteen years), and I looked up the official communiqués about them which I enclosed when replying to the sender of the pamphlet (as I enclose them herewith), saying that I felt it to be unfair to our men to send the Lydda Committee's complaints to anybody without sending at the same time the reply which had no doubt been received from the High Commissioner. That such a reply exists is clear from a letter I have had from Sir Arthur Wauchope in which he says:

> A copy (of the pamphlet) was addressed to me by the National Committee of Lydda, through the District Commissioner, and the latter has been instructed to inform the Committee that a careful inquiry into the incident was made immediately after it occurred, and that I am satisfied that a Military patrol was fired on from the village, and that only after being fired on did the Military return the fire. Crosbie (the District Commissioner) has been asked for a further report on some of the detailed allegations in the pamphlet. When this has been received I shall forward the pamphlet to the Secretary of State, as requested by the Committee, together with my comments.

As to the events at Tireh, about which Mr. Ghory quotes a cable from the villagers, I am unable to give details. The only recent reference to that place which I have been able to find is an account in the *Palestine Post* of September 7th of a preliminary examination begun by the Chief Magistrate in Haifa into a charge against a Tireh villager of murdering an Arab woman on September 1st because she was taking vegetables to sell in Haifa. The main witness against him was another Arab woman, who said she had seen the attack.

It may be that this is the incident for which Tireh was punished, but whether it is or not there is certainly a Government version of what happened, and to publish the villagers' cable without also publishing that version is to state only one side of the case.

P. L. O. GUY

10 Bedford Place, W.C.1.

SIR,—You said in your Comments last week "the British Government will hold on to Palestine in the interests of the British Empire as well as those of the Zionists." But is it in the interest of the British Empire that we should hold on to Palestine? I think—and many must think like I do—that we have got into a most unfortunate entanglement there and wish we could free ourselves from it. In what way does it benefit us that we should make an Arab country Jewish? The immigrant Jews are not British but German and Russian and Polish, and as is our way we have done a quixotic and a foolish thing, and for them are antagonising the whole Moslem world, forgetting that in India we are a great Moslem Power. Could we not shift the mandate to another Power—offer it say to Turkey if she will have it, for she kept the peace there very well before she unfortunately took the German side in the war and we had to fight her? Or would it not be possible to join Palestine to the new independent Syrian State?

We are not primarily a Mediterranean Power; that sea does not wash our shores and is only of use to us in peace time, and I think we should cut our commitments there as soon as we can. Our route to India and the East in war time is by the Cape or by Canada, as Sir William Laird Clowes taught us a generation ago. I might also ask what interest has Canada, or the Union of South Africa, or Australia or New Zealand in the Mediterranean? They are all units in the British Empire. We shall want all our naval strength to keep the ocean routes free in time of war.

Begbroke Place, Oxford.
CHARLES ROBERTSON

TRADE UNION POLICY

SIR,—Your leader on the attitude of the Trades Union Congress to the United Front will find a ready response amongst many Socialists.

Sir Walter Citrine has made another of his carefully documented speeches, with apt quotations about Communist follies—ancient and modern. He keeps telling us that the conflict is between the dictatorship and armed insurrection advocated by the Communist Party and the persuasive ordered progressive democracy of the Labour Party. But the choice is surely not so simple. The Trade Union movement has never been faced with a "choice" of this kind. I have been taught—and by members of the General Council—that the movement is respected only so long as it is feared. It is not the power of persuasion of Sir Walter Citrine which the governing classes fear; they have most of the organs of persuasion and suggestion in their hands. It is the power of the organised working class to take action if and when a time of crisis arrives; after all, industrial action is just as much a species of violence as a machine-gun and, carried far enough, becomes a challenge to the State power. The facts of the class war, the ruthlessness of Capitalism and its latest manifestations of Fascism, the lying press, the bias in education—all these and others—coupled with the electoral machinery suggest that Socialism by Parliament is not so certain of victory that all other methods are to be eschewed.

The squabble about dictatorship and democracy is not the problem at all. It may be that the Communist Party is not getting anywhere, though that is not the experience of many people who watch its members leading local working-class activities throughout the country; they are impressed by the amount of work that can be done by 7,000 active and determined people. But even if the Communist Party is getting nowhere it is important to ask where the T.U.C. is getting. I see no prospect of a Labour majority and there is no indication from by-elections or from any other source that the people are having presented to them any attractive programme of reform; meetings

which are held by the official element are failures compared with meetings addressed by George Lansbury and Harry Pollitt. The recent tremendous demonstration on Spain in Trafalgar Square was run by the Communists, although the *Daily Herald* disguised the fact.

Sir Walter Citrine's attacks on Russia, his sneers about their changes of policy, his childish behaviour at the recent Congress about a pressman sitting next to a friend among the delegates, are unworthy of a great movement and of the times in which we live.

There are many people like myself in the Labour movement who realise the stupidities of the Communist Party but who do not think that all the wisdom is in Transport House. We do not believe that the real issue is between Dictatorship and Democracy; we do not wish to be tied to Moscow, although—God forgive us—we would prefer that to being tied to Transport House. We are prepared to work and fight for an imaginative, determined movement which recognises the changes which are taking place and a leadership which is concerned with the menace of Fascism. While we are debating about what Radek or someone else said, or how rude we have been to the Russians or they to us, Fascism is eating up Western Europe. I see no prospect that the British Labour movement with its present policy will stop it. Cannot our leaders be big enough and wise enough to canvass the possibility of uniting with all anti-Fascists wherever they are?

One final word; emotional and grandiloquent phraseology can conceal from the inexperienced the true nature of Fascism; it has captured the youth of Germany; it may well capture the youth of this country unless the leaders of our movement cease their narrow sectarianism and offer to youth and to the country a programme of Socialism and realism and a leadership of inspiration, courage and confidence. LABOUR PARTY MEMBER

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—I cannot agree with Mr. Keynes that it is the exaggerated pacifism of the British people that is responsible for the mess into which the Government's foreign policy has landed us.

The British people did their best in the Peace Ballot to show what they thought. At the outset of the Abyssinian business the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party Annual Conference by well-nigh unanimous votes urged the Government to apply sanctions loyally and effectively, and promised it full support even if this meant war. The Liberal Party, Mr. Lloyd George's Council of Action, the League of Nations Union, and prominent religious leaders all took the same line. There never was such a grandiose manifestation of opinion in favour of taking the risk of war if necessary to uphold the reign of law against brute force.

The Government cunningly took advantage of that situation to rush an election and win it by falsely representing that they would stand by the Covenant. The subsequent betrayal was such that if the members of the Cabinet had dealt with a private contract as they did with the Covenant, or if they had as directors abused the confidence of shareholders as they did that of the British people, they would be breaking stones on Dartmoor to-day. Moreover, their roguery was due to Tory class war considerations and the pressure of capitalist vested interests, which preferred the triumph of Italian Fascism to the colonial and social consequences of defeating Signor Mussolini.

Mr. Attlee, writing in the *Daily Herald* of May 11th, observed that:

> It is this Government which, by their failure to support the Covenant, have brought the world back to anarchy. They now demand armaments and yet more armaments, but armaments depend on policy, and they have shown clearly that they are not to be trusted to carry out a League policy. . . . The Italo-Abyssinian question is a test case. Failure here means the loss of all faith in the League and the ending of the system of Collective Security which has been so carefully built up. . . . The people are prepared to support a full League policy, but they will not be driven to the slaughter again in the interests of rival imperialisms.

It is because many of us feel we have been betrayed and can never trust this Government again, nor indeed any Government whose prime purpose it is to preserve capitalism, that we are advocating war-resistance. The issue between us Socialists and the Government is not primarily pacifism versus wanting war, because neither side is pacifist and neither wants war. The issue is what causes are worth fighting for, or if you like, what is meant by self-defence. What the Government call self-defence, we call using war as an instrument of national policy. That means making war inevitable and making sure that when it comes it will be fought for ignoble causes. A SOCIALIST

SPAIN AND TROTSKY

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Kerran's valuable account of his month in Spain, but there is one slight inaccuracy which should be corrected. He referred to the P.O.U.M. (Workers' Party of Marxist Unity) as a Trotskyist organisation. The party is in fact, like the I.L.P., affiliated to the International Bureau for Revolutionary Socialist Unity which has been strongly criticised by Leon Trotsky, who has also criticised the policy of the P.O.U.M. itself.

Both the International Bureau and the P.O.U.M. are asking for an international working-class inquiry into the allegations made against Trotsky at the recent Moscow trial, and the P.O.U.M. has urged that Trotsky should be offered a refuge in Catalonia whilst such an inquiry is taking place. In the resolution making this proposal, however, the P.O.U.M. refers to "the differences between ourselves and Trotsky."

Whilst I am writing may I express appreciation of the article by "Critic" in your last week's issue on the International Peace Congress at Brussels? The same disappointment has been expressed to me by delegates from a number of countries who attended the Conference.

Independent Labour Party, FENNER BROCKWAY,
35 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Secretary

LORD HORDER AND PEACE

SIR,—May I be allowed to call attention to a dangerous remark made by Lord Horder before the British Ass. in regard to Dr. Sheppard's Peace Pledge? Lord Horder is reported to have said: "There is a doctor who says 'Sign a postcard against war—say that you want no war. . . .'"

Now when a medical man at the head of his profession talks to his fellow scientists, the least we may expect is accuracy, and if the public does not receive accuracy it has a right to protest. I protest now. And then Lord Horder goes on to say: "It is like saying 'I don't hold with cancer.' Who does?"

Dr. Sheppard's pledge reads: "I renounce war and never will I support or sanction another," which is totally different to saying "I am against war." As well might Lord Horder have told his fellow medicos that he did not believe in a man addicted to drink keeping off drink. Would Lord Horder be prepared to pour ridicule on a man who had renounced some bad habit and had thus been enabled to live a new life? As for the "soldier-poet" (apart from the fact that he was more poet than soldier and by no means a jingo) one thing is certain—1915, when the lines were written, was totally different to 1936, and I am not at all sure, had Rupert Brooke been alive to-day in order to implement his statement, he might not have signed the "Dick Sheppard" pledge as a step in the right direction for the consummation of his conviction.

Yes, we are all against typhoid—and accordingly "We renounce dirty water and never will we support or sanction the use of any more"—unless we go mad . . . but perhaps we are mad! . . . yet I cannot help feeling that sanity lies, not in a protestation of being "again" war and doing nothing about it, but in making effective renunciation, and if so, has not one to begin somewhere? F. P. CROZIER, Brig.-Gen.
East Lodge,
Walton-on-Thames.

THE PECCANT DOCTOR

SIR,—As a member of the General Medical Council, I find myself largely in agreement with your correspondent. He fails, however, to make it clear that we are bound by the terms of the Medical Act of 1858, which imposes two distinct and to my mind somewhat incompatible duties upon us.

Public attention is, perhaps naturally, focused on erasures from the Medical Register, forgetful of the continuous stream of applicants for admission to it. When your correspondent says that our work in connection with such admissions usually does not occupy more than one half-day, he is overlooking not only the work done in committee, but the routine visitations, made and fully reported on, of the examinations held by all those bodies which can grant a licence to practice. It therefore seems only fair and reasonable that each of these bodies should be represented on the Council. Doubts may have been expressed as to the suitability of "a body preponderatingly professional for ordaining the medical curriculum," but I can imagine no body which would be unanimously approved by all sections.

But I agree with your correspondent that such a body is not

well shaped for judicial functions, for many of the members know nothing of the difficult situations encountered in practice. I do recall, however, that it was one of the most eminent representatives of the laboratory side who said that "the supply of Josephs was not equal to the demands of the Potiphar's wives." In speaking of the constitution of the Council, by the way, he omits any reference to our Legal Assessor, whose opinion carries much weight with us.

It certainly seems absurd that if it only takes twelve men to condemn a man to death, it should require thirty-nine to strike him off the Medical Register. But by the Medical Act we are not allowed to delegate our duties in that respect to any committee, though I believe that many of us would welcome the formation of one, at least half of its members to have had actual experience of practice. However, only Parliament can untie the knot and permit an amicable divorce between our two functions. F.R.C.P.

FREE PEOPLES' THEATRE

SIR,—Herr Toller's article advocating a British Free Peoples' Theatre must fill the hearts of many actors with immense enthusiasm. It is obvious from the popularity of this scheme in Russia and in the American Federal Theatres that in this direction alone lies the future of the theatre as a world force. If Herr Toller were to stand in Trafalgar Square and say: "Who is with me in this venture?" I feel sure that in a second there would be a crowd rivalling that of last year's Jubilee celebrations and foremost in that crowd would be every actor of integrity to-day.

It is also the only way of combating the vicious circle of the contemporary London theatre where social qualifications and drawing-room manners seem of more importance than talent, experience or competence. I don't speak as a bitter or unsuccessful actor. It has been my privilege this year to be associated with two of the finest productions in the London theatre and one actor who is universally acknowledged as one of the White Hopes of the English stage. This experience has given me such enthusiasm that I personally feel that while productions and actors of this integrity exist, there must be audiences of similar integrity champing to enjoy such work if the prices of admission are equal to their pockets. One of these productions was a commercial failure purely because of insufficient support from the stalls and circle, whilst all records of the theatre were broken in the pit and gallery.

The Stratford-on-Avon Festival Theatre plays to full houses for six months at popular prices and gives rich value for one's money. In a ten-days' busman's holiday I have seen *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Twelfth Night*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Julius Caesar*, at a total sum of fourteen shillings. I sat in three parts of this excellent theatre and saw one production twice. DENNIS GLENNY

27 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—Being professionally interested in the welfare of English hotels and at the same time a gourmet and a reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—incompatible qualifications, I dare say—I cannot refrain any longer from giving voice. Surely this is the point which nobody ever makes: the Englishman (apart from a very small minority) does not *like* cooking, though he enjoys what he calls good food.

There is no real *cooking* tradition in England as in France: wine demands cooking whereas beer demands food. Our grandfathers had seven joints a week, yet vegetables—where cooking begins—going to church and medicine were all in the same category. The hotel-going public is to blame and not the hoteliers. I know of a first-class restaurateur in the West of England who runs a continental *plat* and an English roast as the main course of dinner every night. His visitors will not touch the *plat* and refer to it as something "done up" or "messed about." Unfortunately from the gourmet's point of view, it is these visitors in the aggregate who make hotels an economic possibility. It is useless for culinary evangelists to dramatise the appearance of "sodden potatoes" or "melancholic green-stuff." Norman Douglas started all this. Gourmets are often philosophers and till the leopard changes its spots good food will be as rare as good philosophy. Nevertheless, I do know where real cooking is to be found: and hotel cooking *is* improving at an increasing rate, and will improve as the public becomes slowly more educated. Meanwhile let us proselytise by all means, but spare the poor hotelier till the Briton finds his tongue! ALAN GEORGE

68 St. James Street, London, S.W.

Miscellany

THE LEGACY OF SYMBOLISM

WAS Paul Valéry right, when he said the other day, that in celebrating its Jubilee we had invented Symbolism? It is the opinion of a contemporary—or an almost contemporary—who, remembering all the variegated and contradictory experiments he has seen with his own eyes, considers it impossible to class them in a single group with a doctrine of its own.

But for us, who never knew those haphazard hatchings and heroic combats, who contemplate these writings from a distance of fifty years, it is fairly easy to disentangle and isolate the principles of the movement, and applying the famous line of Mallarmé to display it:

"Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change."

One can say, without attempting to confine it within a stark definition, that Symbolism was, before all, an experiment in personal art. It was individualistic. Had there been amongst its leaders a master bent on teaching, I can imagine him saying to his pupils something of this sort: "Be sincere, be yourselves . . . seize every beckoning that crosses your mind, shrouded ideas, subjects mysterious or incomplete, images that do but suggest. . . . Mark well the untranslatable, the unspeakable, the dream. . . . Such is the only instruction that I can offer."

This imaginary discourse which I put forward by way of programme has at least the merit of approximating to the formula of Rémy de Gourmont, who was, as everyone knows, theorist in chief to the group. Called upon to define Symbolism, Gourmont thus summed up: "Above all, it is a theory of liberty; it implies absolute freedom of thought and form; it is the free and individual development of the aesthetic personality."

Hence the diversity of inspiration as well as of expression. Does it not seem odd at first sight that writers as different as Verlaine, who sings as he goes and as fancy prompts him, and Mallarmé, who locks himself up in a chamber of thought impenetrable, there to create a musical algebra, should both be called Symbolists? And Rimbaud, who loads upon us pell-mell his hallucinations, and Maeterlinck, who later was to cull miracles from the simplest and most elementary things in life; what have they in common? Yet all are proclaimed Symbolists.

They have in common this: art appears to all as a natural extension of their sensibility; as a spouting stream or a ripple of quiet meditation, according to the temperament of each. All would break the old literary moulds, would have done with those rules that tie hand and foot the French poet, would even shake those water-tight walls which divide the enchantments of poetry from the spell of music and from the magic of paint. For them artistic creation is a faith, with power to unloose secrets, and the right to transform reality according to the laws of esoteric religion and private mysteries. In literature the cult of the symbol implies all that. "Be yourself, express the very essence of your being": they say it again and again. There, and there alone, are the sources of poetry, not to be found in metre, rhyme, or nice ordinance of stanzas. It is poetic art that is the death of poetry.

These precepts, and the works inspired by them, have had their influence on the writers of my generation. And not on poets only, but on the novelists as well. Symbolism, which liberated the first, has enriched the second.

As for the poets—the case seems to me so clear that it needs no proving. All modern poetry, that is, if by modern poetry one means poetry from Claudel to Fargue, Cocteau and the *surréalistes*, takes orders from Rimbaud. In *Une Saison en Enfer* there is, indeed, a pronouncement which might serve our modern poets as motto: "I have come to hold sacred the disorder of my mind." As for prose-works, though the

influence is perhaps less obvious, it is hardly more contestable.

Do but consider the course of the novel during the last twenty years. No longer content to recount, in the manner of Flaubert and Maupassant, it explains. In its psycho-analysis it tries to get back to the very principle of action, to reveal those hidden forces that control our being, heredity for instance, the scar left by early impressions, the influence of dreams and of sexual repressions. In a word, it forbodes and suggests more than it states; and finds its richest material in that secret monologue which each one of us holds with himself, in that spidery arabesque which is our subconscious reasoning.

Naturally, the example that springs to one's mind is Proust, that product of Symbolism and Bergson. In his case, an immense intellectual and emotional activity ties itself into knots and becomes confounded. One comes on amazing marriages contracted in the depths of our memory between a musical phrase and some simple act, between a picture and a psychological hypothesis. But Proust is not the only one. Look nearer home; consider the characters of Mauriac, of Duhamel, of Jules Romains for that matter, and ask yourself whether each one of them does not appear as a legend rather than a photograph, having about him something authentic, something which rings true, but which pertains less to his real life than to his hidden destiny.

Well, is it necessary to dot all the "i's" and cross all the "t's" before one can recognise how much such works owe to the explorations of the Symbolists? Sensibility broadcast, suggestion, the dream, the legend, these are their landmarks, and they serve us still, us, the novelists of to-day. What is more, some of us have caught from them a tempered lyricism; or rather, they have made us aware of those timeless dramas which have never been staged because they were too simple; dramas born of a gesture, of a glance, which play themselves out in silence. What a mistake to suppose that the symbol inevitably adds something to the object! As often as not it simplifies and dissolves, causing it to retake its place in the vast harmony of common life.

And, maybe, contemporary writers owe still more to the Symbolists. If I have made myself clear, it will by now be understood that the Symbolist is a writer who, under the uniform of his profession, intends to remain himself: of his personal vision and private meditation he makes a veritable cult. Look well, then, at our post-war writers. What do you find on the very threshold of the career of each? What but the will, nay, the imperative necessity, to be himself? And their earliest works, what are they? Confessions, accounts of personal experiences barely pretending to fiction, essays which have the air of testaments.

Of course, I know that there is a world of difference between a page by Maurois, Morand or Montherlant and a poem by Mallarmé. Nevertheless, these authors—who all belong to one generation, my generation, a generation for which Symbolism has the unforgettable quality of first love—decline, one and all, to see facts in their bare objectivity. What they display is bathed in a light that comes from within; by a feat of side-lighting they reveal at once the object and a state of mind. It would not be difficult, if one were to continue the argument, to show how much Colette, with her states of poetical abstraction, owes to Symbolism.

Finally, one should set to the credit of the Symbolists our deeper knowledge of foreign literatures. Everyone knows about their relations with English poetry, German philosophy and music, the Scandinavian theatre. Well, there again they were pioneers; for that fruitful curiosity has not grown less. Remark, on the contrary, how much more favourably foreign authors are received in France of late, how much better they are understood. And why? Because the writers of my generation, no longer living, as some of their elders were inclined to live, a little jealously, on their own resources, have read and relished these foreigners and introduced them to the French public.

Need I give names? Lawrence, Huxley, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Rosamond Lehmann, and Katherine Mansfield. If we have learnt to love them, if their letters of naturalisation are patent, assuredly it is because our critical sense, touched by the language of symbols and transported from time to time into a world of poetry when the bare word no longer reigns supreme, has discovered new affinities with works in a foreign tongue.

JACQUES DE LACRETELLE
(Translated by Clive Bell)

MUSIC AND THE B.B.C.

ALTHOUGH not a broadcasting fan or a believer in the high educational virtues of the B.B.C., I have always refrained from joining in the wholesale denunciations of its musical activities which from time to time have sprung up in various quarters since its beginning. In its earlier days the B.B.C. actually invited criticism, even criticism of a very drastic order, but that was part of the vitality of youth, when it numbered among its staff many enthusiastic and inventive spirits who were eager for experiment. For example, in the more lively and literary days of the *Radio Times* it actually allowed me to put the case against broadcasting as forcibly as I could, and Sir Walford Davies was briefed for the defence. Since then the B.B.C.'s musically useful activities have not diminished; in fact they have rather extended, and among its most useful activities from a musical point of view I would include its public symphony concerts, its broadcasting from the opera houses of Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, and even the annual Promenade Concerts.

Unlike some musical critics, I go personally to all the important performances and do not stay at home and listen to them from an armchair. Also, I have never possessed a radio set, and so I am not in a position to criticise the daily musical provender set before the public by this means by the authorities at Broadcasting House. But I am bound to put on record the fact that I get an ever-increasing number of complaints about what my correspondents describe as the deterioration in the musical service of the B.B.C. These complaints are firstly as to the quality and secondly as to the quantity of the musical performances. I hear from numerous sources that there has been a general deterioration in the quality of the programmes during the past year or so, a deterioration that apparently applies not only to the music but to the programmes generally, and also to what is described as light entertainment, which everybody I meet condemns as being 90 per cent. boring rubbish. Then many complaints have reached me about the cutting down of the broadcasting of the "Promenades" this year. Previously the whole of the first part of the "Proms" was broadcast, but this season the public is getting only selections. Now the increasingly high average attendance at the Queen's Hall for the "Proms" proves that these concerts are more and more popular, and that the idea that such good music as is given there is too "highbrow" for the British public is an idea that could only emanate from someone who has lost his faculties through being too long interned in Broadcasting House.

Now I know from personal experience that there exists at Broadcasting House what I may describe as a defeatist mentality. I was once warned before broadcasting that I must remember that I was "talking to the charwoman's daughter." Being a novice and rather inclined to think that people know their own business best, I modified my native style and reduced it to the innocuous characterlessness—or perhaps I ought to say that I elevated it to the bland efficiency of the standardised broadcaster—with the result that the next day a friend who listened in told me that he would never have known it was I who was broadcasting; to which I replied that I should never have known it myself either.

By having a "defeatist mentality" I mean that the B.B.C. is inclined to abandon—if it has not already completely abandoned—the ambition to lead, and its directors are now to be found in the familiar and pitiable posture of demagogues listening with their hands to their ears to catch any floating

rumours of what the public wants. That this is the weakness of democracy in political matters we all know, but though politics is not my province and it does not concern anybody that I believe that democracies need leadership in all matters, I am justified by all past experience in declaring that in matters of art, education (what indeed else is the root meaning of this word education !) and social culture generally, the people must be led, and those who abdicate the leadership entrusted to them through lack of belief, inefficiency, cowardice or any other cause are betraying their trust and are unworthy of their position. Having said this much I leave it to my readers to voice in detail in the correspondence columns of this paper any complaints they may have to make about the broadcasting programmes of the B.B.C., while I now turn my attention to some of the music we have recently been hearing at the "Proms" at the Queen's Hall.

As I have vowed not to write one disparaging word about Wagner for a period of six months, I shall only mention the fact that I never go to the Monday all-Wagner nights, but that I am informed by a colleague that the attendance on these nights is visibly decreasing. In view of my belief that what is popular is usually bad, I must admit that this is the best piece of news for the Wagnerians I have heard of for some considerable time. There has been some good singing at the "Proms" from Elizabeth Schumann, Heddle Nash and a few others, but there has also been a certain amount of miscellaneous yelling and squeaking. There is also no lack of variety in the orchestral playing, which varies from a rough-and-ready crudity to occasional performances of considerable merit; but this is only to be expected from the nature of the Promenade concerts, although I seem to notice a tendency to reduce the unmanageable length of these programmes, which is a step forward in the right direction. A whole evening of Sibelius on September 10th was a severe ordeal for those enthusiasts who consider him as a supreme genius of Beethoven's class. His Ballad for mezzo-soprano and orchestra, entitled "The Ferryman's Bride" proved to be a banal piece in the old-fashioned, romantic Baltic idiom of the nineteenth century, and its ineffectiveness could not be attributed to the singer, Miss Muriel Brunskill, who has not only a big voice but terrific energy and is thoroughly conscientious. His Second Symphony, which followed, is a perfect example of that new type of musical form which, according to Mr. Newman, is so much superior to Mozart's. It is neither an upright nor inverted triangle, a Maltese cross nor a Chinese parallelogram, but may be described most accurately as a Finnish fishing-net made up of poor musical threads constantly repeated.

Finally, I have to say that I think the B.B.C. ought to try to avoid drawing up depressing programmes at the "Proms." As an example of what I call a depressing programme I will cite only the first half of last Thursday's, of which the major part consisted of Grieg's pianoforte concerto followed by Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony. Grieg is so Norwegian and Vaughan Williams is so English that such a combination is altogether too Nordic for my taste.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Mademoiselle," at Wyndham's

Mr. Wilson presents, Mr. Coward produces; we are under a debt of gratitude to both. M. Deval, the author, gives us the deft and workmanlike craft we have learnt to expect of him, the quick twist of the unexpected incident, the suspense that excites at the fall of a curtain, the sure insight into character and the bright wit that lightens the daily commonplaces; but Mr. Coward's great gifts of casting and producing have added a lustre that is almost French to the play. It would be worth going a very long way to see Miss Titheradge's first entrance, the moment when she is left alone and runs her gloved finger down the dusty piano-edge or the gesture, almost shocking in its intensity, when she kisses Christianne's unborn child. It is a gesture of the quality one has always longed for in Cleopatra's death scene, when instead of tucking the asp comfortably in at the side one would wish to see the purple stripped from her breast in one convulsive movement.

Miss Isabel Jeans as the scatterbrained mother of the household has never acted better. All the Jeans glitter and allure is here, but there is variety both in tempo and in treatment, and the result is a full-length portrait not a kit-cat; and, as usual, she wears the most ravishing clothes. Mr. Cecil Parker's urbane methods are exactly right for her careerist husband, while Miss Greer Carson brings a starry loveliness to the part of the daughter, perhaps the most difficult part in the play, because of its somewhat unsympathetic treatment. Miss Madge Titheradge in the name-part gives one of the really great performances of a generation. The suppressed power of this mousy little governess, the compelling glance that flashes, when her hooded lids are raised, the quiet but all the more moving emotion of her determination to secure the unwanted child for herself are suggested by the most economical means, but the true measure of her performance is shown by the fact that when she slips away almost unnoticed to spend her old age scrubbing floors to maintain a child that is not hers, the flibbertygibbet family she leaves behind to their perpetual social round seem to have achieved greatness by the mere fact of having enabled her to fulfil her destiny. The play, the acting and the production belong to that quality of the theatre which fortunately the cinema can never kill. But we have had too little of it lately in London; let us hope the shape of things to come is better.

"Peace in Our Time," at the Croydon Repertory

One of the characters in *Peace in Our Time* replied to another who claimed to have based his actions on thought. "Yes, you thought all right, but the trouble is you didn't go on thinking long enough." The same remark might justly be made of the authors, Douglas Walshe and Nigel Balchin. They had the excellent idea of staging a microcosmic version of the Abyssinian dispute with the political references translated into commercial ones and with England, France and Italy symbolised by the rival firms of John Mason, Francis Francis and Ben Armstrong respectively. Unfortunately, they stopped thinking at this point and set themselves to prove in three acts the impossibility of making a play out of a single good idea. The essential action was satisfactory enough and at times, notably when Ben Armstrong, the industrial duce, harangued us on the necessity for expansion, even achieved the sublimity of an animated Low cartoon, but the padding was poor stuff. To eke out their material the authors provided Mason with a daughter and Armstrong with a son who quarrelled and made love in dialogue painfully reminiscent of the "modern youth" drama of the nineteen-twenties and who, incidentally, caused the audience to indulge in the most astonishing feats of mental gymnastics in a vain attempt to fit them into the allegory of the main plot. Mark Dignam and Denis Barry, as Mason and Francis were effectively self-revealing in the various stages of that muddled pursuit of conflicting interests which each of them miscalled collective security. K. Hamilton Price, wearing a fascist forehead with equanimity, impersonated Mussolini with a delightful accuracy, which did not, however, prevent the lady in front of me from triumphantly identifying him as Hitler. It was a pity that the authors, anxious for comic relief, should have depicted the fourth protagonist as an hysterical and somewhat tiresome little Jew. The quiet dignity of the historical victim would have been more telling.

"The Composite Man," at Daly's
"Careless Rapture," at Drury Lane

The first of these plays is much more sophisticated than the second, but both are meant to entertain without so much as tickling a dangerous emotion. They could be used as texts for a sermon on the decline of the theatre, but they are more competent than lots of plays produced, and, anyhow, sermons make dull reading. *The Composite Man* is witty after the fashion; it contains a dozen or so tried amusing situations and all their attendant wisecrackery. The lawn-tennis-player hero is an engaging fellow with a thick, stupid voice and schoolboy good manners, his ghosts (for the plot is about his selling the work of an obscure painter, an unknown song-writer and an unsuccessful novelist, as the productions of his own Wimbledon-crowned brow) are—with the exception of the amusing Scotch musician—familiar figures. If this play leaves any impression fixed in the spectator's mind, it is only a slight doubt of whether any

public hero, short of Mickey Mouse, could have sold the Arts so successfully on name alone.

In *Careless Rapture*, at the Lane, the audience if not the play, takes all the prizes. They burst into spontaneous applause when Mr. Novello (looking, at any rate from the grand circle, as young and beautiful as ever) comes bouncing on, when Dorothy Dickson twinkles and when Zena Dare slinks in. When the curtain goes up on a Hampstead Heath set piece they all but stand up and cheer. In fact, they thoroughly and demonstratively enjoy every minute of it, and as Mr. Novello remarked on Monday night, it looks as if they will go on enjoying it for months. With sweet music, a touch of Chinese melodrama, a chorus from the navy, it needs only a little more tune, and a war, to make it another *Chu Chin Chow*.

"Sylvia und ihr Chauffeur," at the Academy

As usual with enthusiasms which one does not happen to share, appreciation of the "quaint," semi-sophisticated charm of the Austrian cinema has always struck us as snobbish and cliquey. The faded grandeur of post-war Vienna and high spirits fallen on evil days, one would have thought deserved more sensitive treatment on the screen than coy comedy and fairy-tale romance theatrically directed. A blind spot on our part, perhaps. But really, how do a legion of fans overlook the glaring faults of these slight, self-satisfied Viennese movies: technical artifice and carelessness combined, a merciless provincial gaiety, and that arch complacence gone soggy with dollops of sentiment? Chronic defects they are, for not even the best of this kind are blameless. *Maskerade* was a delightful film, but only because it made a rare success of mixing the regular ingredients. Now, to our relief, *Sylvia und ihr Chauffeur* appears to break away from the formula: it is at least wholeheartedly frivolous, its giggles veil no tears, it has a tripping musical accompaniment (jazz, not violins), and neat, imaginative direction at times reminiscent of Clair. Another, though not so novel, point in the film's favour is the happy and humorous performance of Leo Slezak in a perfect W. C. Fields part. Add to this the exceptional beauty of Olga Tschechowa and the personable figure cut by Wolf Albach-Retty, as a young lawyer who drives a taxi for his living: the result is the jolliest Viennese film to date.

TRIPLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

officially recommended by

HILLMAN

"Love's Labour's Lost" at the Old Vic

The Old Vic season begins with a really admirable production of *Love's Labour's Lost*. One scene serves throughout—a courtyard with fountain in the middle and tents opening on each side, at the back a pretty railing on a low wall beyond which a light grey curtain, gauzed and with a hint of tree tops at the bottom, suggests the park. It is simple and charming, and frames the various groupings of four women and four men, of which the play is full, with a delightful light formality. And what a gay and charming play it is, with anticipations of Shakespeare himself in Berowne, and of a later eighteenth-century grace which reached its perfection in Mozart. *Cosi fan Tutte* is the natural comparison; the resemblance goes farther than a few turns in the plot. The comedians, of course—Costard, Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes—belong to a different world; and these parts are played with a delicious natural humour by Messrs. Frederick Bennett, John Abbott, and Evan John. How refreshing was Costard's round beaming countenance, how euphonious his Cockney speech! The whole production, particularly in its low comedy, is a step away from B.B.C. standards of pronunciation, and it is indeed a pleasure to hear these individual voices on the stage. Mr. Ernest Milton gave a perfect performance of the fantastical Spaniard; Mr. Alec Clunes as Berowne, Mr. Alec Guinness as Boyet, Miss Margharetta Scott as Rosaline, and Gordon Miller (a small boy for once) as Moth, were all good. But the whole cast acted well. To the disgrace of London playgoers the stalls on the second night were half empty.

"This'll Make You Whistle" at the Palace

In the more remote American Universities, where it is possible to take a degree, or at least a diploma, in every subject from Yogi to hat-designing, the Faculty of Dramatic Criticism is rumoured to attract numerous and earnest students. They can acquire the entire equipment of their future trade, including quotations from Proust, Dickens and Elia, assorted metaphors from ball-games, violent political or national prejudices, and personal recollections of Bernhardt, Duse or Réjane. The most advanced course, however, is concerned with the niceties of musical comedy, and enables you to date each joke, to compare most accurately one set of sixty legs with another, and to rate the sex-appeal of the *jeune* or *jeune-ish premier*. Not having passed this course with honours, we can say little of the new Palace show except that Mr. Jack Buchanan's admirers—and who can help admiring him—can for almost three hours enjoy his neat and agile dancing, his telling voice, his expressive frame, his quizzical and agreeable dandified personality. He hardly ever leaves the stage. Miss Elsie Randolph dances indefatigably, and is extremely funny whenever she is given a chance. Mr. David Hutcheson brings to a traditional Silly Ass part skill, gusto and extraordinarily acrobatic legs. The jokes are rather riskier, and thus funnier, than is usual. And this is the only musical comedy we remember having seen in which the plot does not make the leading lady and gentleman in love with one another.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 18th—
- St. Pancras Socialist League. William Mellor and F. L. Kerran on "Spain," Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street, Gray's Inn Road, 8.

SUNDAY, September 20th—
- Joseph McCabe on "The Next War," Conway Hall, 11.
- R. Palme Dutt on "World Politics To-day," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, September 21st—
- "Horse Feathers," Everyman Cinema.
- Dr. Levin on "Women and the Medical Profession," 25 Wimpole Street, 8.
- Discussion on "Collectivism in the U.S.S.R. 1936," Institute of Sociology, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.

TUESDAY, September 22nd—
- Public Meeting in Support of the Fight for Liberty in Spain. Speeches by Herbert Morrison, J. F. Horrabin and others, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
- Meeting on Spain. Speeches by Viscountess Hastings, Miss Monica Whateley, Dr. Somerville Hastings, Dr. Edith Summerskill and others, St. Albans Church Hall, Golder's Green, 8.15.
- "Oscar Wilde," Gate Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 23rd—
- "Over She Goes," Saville Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 24th—
- "The Desert Song," Coliseum.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Royal Commission on Historical Monuments has recently added a new volume, *Westmorland* (H.M. Stationery Office, 30s.), to its survey and inventory of the Historical Monuments of England (excluding Monmouthshire). A historical monument for this purpose is defined as every earthwork, bridge or building made by man before the death of Queen Anne, a date which was imposed on the Commission for the practical reason that Georgian architecture is too extensive to be catalogued and that by limiting itself to the earlier date, the survey can be made complete. The previous volumes published deal with London, Essex, Herts, Hunts, Bucks and Herefordshire, and are most invaluable catalogues for people who like exploring the antiquities in their districts, as well as for professed archaeologists. They are technical, of course, and do not often flower into general observations and are too apt to ignore the historical associations which give particular interest to various houses. Westmorland, one of the loveliest counties in England, extends from the edge of the Pennines, across the valleys of the Lune and the Eden, to the Lakes. And since I have been visiting the county this week, I shall speak only of those monuments which I have looked at myself.

* * *

First as to earthworks. At Eamont Bridge, there is an object called King Arthur's Round Table. It looks as though a circular frying pan, sixty yards in diameter, with two handles, had been marked out on the turf, a ditch dug round it and the earth thrown up in a rampart outside. Dr. Wheeler, in a special preface, says, "it has the appearance of a miniature Avebury, but whether it was ever elaborated with a circle or circles of stones or timber is not known." One of its entrances points to the entrance of Mayburgh, a huge circular amphitheatre with a high rampart all round it and one surviving megalith in the centre. The rampart of Mayburgh does not look like a fort, but like a screen to hide the sacred stones. There were eight of these left as late as the eighteenth century, but nothing could be more impressive than the one that is left which startles the passer-by who has climbed up through the scattered ash trees on the rampart, and finds himself looking across a field of level turf a hundred and twenty yards in diameter, with the great central stone, a rubbing post through the centuries for sheep and cows. The tail of a rabbit twinkles away and he is alone. The beauty and the mystery of nature and of a forgotten religion stare him in the face—but there is nothing to tell him who or what was here, unless the surviving ritual of some Pacific Islanders preserves the essentials of the megalithic beliefs. Dancers with jingling anklets may have threaded the mazy labyrinth while dramatising the Journey of the Dead, have been halted by devouring female furies and driven on as the living targets of armed ghosts. Trying to visualise the scene calls up the memory of Nijinsky and his sister in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. There are other megalithic circles on the Cumberland coast and they seem linked with the Atlantic seaboard, and, no doubt, with the Mediterranean culture. Other earthworks, which I have not seen, are found in the uplands round the thousand-foot contour and are strictly speaking kraals with huts surrounded by a continuous wall. All that can be said is that they are pre-teutonic and were probably inhabited in Roman times.

* * *

Then the Castles: Brough stands in ruins among the earthworks of a Roman fort, its twelfth-century keep stouter than the seventeenth-century work—for Lady Anne Clifford, who was the great power in Westmorland, rebuilt it in 1660, after which it tumbled down and served as a quarry for squared stone. The story of Brougham Castle, which stands in a lovely bend of the River Eamont, is much the same—and once again the Norman keep has stood better than the Countess of Pembroke's restorations. Pendragon Castle is an isolated pele tower, standing on the banks of the Eden. It was twice burned by the Scots and is now ruined, dangerous—an uninteresting scramble of nettles, brambles and masonry about to fall. H.M. Board of Works loves to tidy up and show one round utterly decayed ruins like this. They do not seem to care for places that still have enough life about them to reveal how people really lived. A building like Sizergh Castle is worth far more than all the ruins. It has been in the possession of the Strickland family since the thirteenth century and is magnificent. The woodwork is very beautiful; and though the inlaid room is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, its ceiling remains—an enchanting interlacing pattern of plaster ribs in a star-shaped pattern enclosing coats of arms and heraldic beasts. The upper banqueting chamber seems full of life—for it contains the sixteenth-century furniture belonging to the room. Standing on the roof you expect to hear the clatter of armed men in the yard. A dream blended from memories of Sir Walter Scott and William Morris swims mistily before the imagination in the effort to bring back the vanished life of a rough fighting aristocracy. A few miles from Sizergh is Levens Hall, at present open to the public, which is perhaps the finest example of Elizabethan architecture in the county. The great feature of Levens is the garden, which has remained unchanged since it was laid out in 1700 by Monsieur Beaumont, whose room, lined with stamped leather, and whose pug-nosed portrait, show in what estimation a fashionable gardener could be held. The garden is full of ridiculous topiary work with yew trees trained into the shapes of crowned lions, birds, barrister's wigs, summer houses and similar fancies, amongst which the young ladies hid themselves in order to read the first edition of Tristram Shandy on the sly, while gentlemen like Uncle Toby played bowls on what is now the tennis court.

* * *

The characteristic feature of Westmorland architecture is, however, not the houses of its aristocracy, but of its "statesmen." The larger examples, such as the extremely beautiful Yanwath Hall, and Kirfit Hall, Casterton, are miniature versions of Levens or Sizergh. That is to say, they have a defensive pele tower attached to the farm-house and the farm-buildings. They have huge fireplaces, often lit by a window on one side with a built-in "spice-cupboard" with a richly carved and ornamental door. In a panel over the lintel it is usual to find the initial of the family with the initials of the husband and wife at each side, and the date below. Frequently these statesmen bore coat armour, which in that case may appear carved, with their alliances, upon the beams of the ceiling, while mottoes and initials and coats of arms may be painted on the windows. A delightful example of such a small house is The Castle Dairy: it is almost as solid now as when it was rebuilt in 1560 by A. G., whose bedstead passes for Queen Katherine Parr's. The fact that the bed is still being slept in and the original furniture used, makes the little house seem alive. Ever since A. G., its inhabitants have been buying or selling wool or cheese at Kendal market. And when we look into the smaller farms and cottages on the edges of the fells and moors which are listed, together with their barns, as ancient monuments, we find them filled with a life that has not changed too much since the sixteenth century. Sheep have to be dug out of the drifts in winter, helped through lambing, dipped and shorn, and fetched up and down from the tops. There is the clatter of clogs as the children pass and sound of a pony's hoofs with a boy riding in to school from an outlying farm. These sounds, and the long limbs of the men, their fresh colouring and fair hair, and the Scandinavian place-names are historical monuments that do not have to be scheduled. But *Westmorland*, though severely technical and filled with many merely pitiable details of the past, is a book to take on a tour, as, without it, one may pass unsuspecting within a hundred yards of some ancient and beautiful building.

DAVID GARNETT

INCOME FROM INDUSTRIAL SHARES INCREASES FROM 6¾% TO 12⅞% IN 4 YEARS

AN investor who divided £100 equally among the shares in the four Portfolios of the British Industries Fixed Trust in July, 1932, or when they first became available, would have received an income of £6 17s. 0d. during the first year. For the year ending July 1936 this return would have increased to £12 17s. 6d., and the original investment of £100 would in July of this year have been worth £194 15s. 6d.

British Industries Fixed Trusts enable investors to spread an investment over a large number of securities. The spread covers one hundred of the leading British Companies, selected on their past record, present position and future possibilities. All the securities are freely marketable on the Stock Exchanges.

The gross annual yield on an investment divided equally between all four Portfolios is approximately

4⅜%

This yield is based on *the actual cash dividends paid* in the last completed years of the 100 Companies comprising the four Portfolios. In the same financial periods distributable share bonuses and rights to new issues on bonus terms added a further ¾ per cent. to the gross annual yield.

Sub-units may be bought or sold through any stockbroker or bank. Approximately £20 upwards may be invested in any one Portfolio.

British Industries Fixed Trusts

TRUSTEES:

MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.

● **A FREE BOOKLET.** Further information will be found in handbook AO. 5, which will be sent free on application to the Managers. This booklet, which is the basis of all transactions, contains full particulars of the Constitution and Management of the Trusts and the details of the one hundred securities contained in the four Portfolios.

MANAGERS:

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS, LTD.

165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2 *NATional* 4931.

Members of Association of Fixed & Flexible Trust Managers

CVS—53

A. J. B.

Arthur James Balfour, Earl of Balfour. By MRS. EDGAR DUGDALE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

It would be difficult to find in English history a Prime Minister who inspired both the country and his followers with less confidence than did Mr. Balfour. Memory suggests a parallel in the noble incompetence of Lord Aberdeen or the genial stupidity of the lamented Mr. Robinson. Not that Balfour was either stupid or incompetent, but when at long last he summoned up the will-power to resign, his departure was more generally welcomed than that of even the two statesmen mentioned above. So far as politics were concerned he was an exceptionally fortunate man—a fact which Mrs. Dugdale emphasises without admitting. He owed his position in the Conservative Party to Ireland, where the reputations of so many of his colleagues and opponents had been—and were to be—for ever blasted. "We have killed Forster, we have blinded Beach. What shall we do to Balfour?" was the jubilant cry of the Irish Party on his appointment. Yet this mild, urbane and scholarly man was to administer Ireland with a ferocious efficiency before which even the actions of the Coalition Government pale into insignificance. He well earned his title of Bloody Balfour. He was encouraged by avuncular advice from the distant, comfortable study at Hatfield, "the only course is to go on 'pegging away' . . . you will be able . . . to inflict an intolerable amount of annoyance." And when Balfour secured the arrest of an eminent Englishman, Lord Salisbury wrote: "I was delighted to see you had run Wilfrid Blunt in." In Balfour's defence it has to be admitted that he was in favour of equally sharp treatment for absentee landlords like Lord Clanricarde, but that he could not carry Conservative opinion with him. Future historians will increasingly praise the wisdom and prescience of Gladstone in striving for Home Rule in the 'eighties and criticise the reactionary policy of the Unionists. Mrs. Dugdale grudgingly admits, "Our generation has watched the course of Nationalist movements too often to understand readily the confidence of the Unionists of 1886." For that obscurantist policy Balfour must be principally blamed, although its immediate success swept him to the leadership of the House of Commons over the heads of more tried but less dazzling colleagues.

It is not unfair to say that the fourteen years during which Balfour led the House of Commons were, so far as Parliament was concerned, undistinguished years. Lord Salisbury was ageing and Balfour controlled policy with nervousness and hesitancy. Neither statesman was representative of that imperial bluster which swelled the chest of every manly Briton in the last decade of Queen Victoria's reign. During the Boer War when people were appalled by the series of disasters in the Black Week, Balfour, by three breezy speeches at Manchester, roused the country to a state of genuine alarm at what was felt to be the supineness and self-satisfaction of responsible Ministers. His three years as Prime Minister did little to restore his falling prestige. He split his Party over Protection quite as effectively as Mr. Gladstone split his over Home Rule; he rallied every Nonconformist against him by the Education Act; by clinging to office he made the triumph of his opponents inevitable. As a politician Balfour gave the impression of a certain amateurish futility emphasised by the lordly pleasure with which he used to announce that he never read the newspapers. This had the advantage of giving to the public the idea that he was completely removed from political or personal intrigue. The other day, when looking through an old volume of *Punch*, I came across a picture of Balfour on the occasion of his welcome retirement from the Conservative leadership. It portrayed a knightly figure doffing his helmet, and underneath was written, "From spur to plume a star of tournament." To the public he ever seemed the embodiment of knightly graces who "with lance in rest . . . shot through the lists at Camelot." But was this fair picture true to life?

There are at least five occasions in Balfour's life when his treatment of his friends or colleagues was the reverse of chivalrous. He deserted the Fourth Party, he treated the Free Traders and Protectionists in his Cabinet so that both sections resigned with a sense of grievance, he abandoned Mr. George Wyndham with less justification but with greater alacrity than Mr. Baldwin abandoned Sir Samuel Hoare, and (though these are outside the range of the volume under review) he betrayed Mr. Asquith in 1916, and, if anything could be worse than that, it was his treatment of Lord Lansdowne in the following year. There may be excuses and explanations, but Mrs. Dugdale's policy is to treat such criticisms with the same high-handed contempt with which

Balfour treated them during his life. When it was suggested to him that he had left Wyndham to bear the penalty alone he answered, " I am not interested in changing the opinion of anybody who thinks that." So with Mrs. Dugdale. She never refers to his desertion of the Fourth Party, she treats the Protectionist split from a purely political and non-personal angle, and she apparently thinks that the charge of disloyalty to Wyndham is sufficiently rebutted by the generous way in which Wyndham took it. Balfour's career—at any rate to the end of 1905—is not one that lends itself to mere description : it demands defence.

Mrs. Dugdale tells her story skilfully and vividly, but the complete lack of criticism of the central figure or of any attempt to defend him against his critics is a serious defect to the value of the book. Easily the best part of it is that in which she describes with admirable restraint and distinction her uncle's home life. The family of brothers and sisters at Whittingehame was, as she says, a self-sufficing group united by intellectual pleasure in each other's society. Balfour seems never to have been tempted to desert his family for marriage and the story of his attachment to May Lyttelton is characteristic. It was not till after her death that he was able to declare his affection and he asked that a ring, which he had not had the courage to offer her in life, should be placed inside her coffin. Here and there Mrs. Dugdale reproduces conversations which hardly do justice to Balfour's intelligence. Thus it was surely possible to select from them remarks less commonplace than these on Lord Lansdowne :

> Lansdowne had the mentality of the great Whigs—remember he was descended from a great line of them. [Who that has the faintest knowledge of 18th or 19th century political history did not know that ?] But one must qualify even that a little—he wasn't quite an Englishman. His mother was French—she was a Flahault.

Then after these glimpses of the genealogically obvious, the remarks trail off, " I was always very fond of him. I was his fag at Eton, you know." If, as the publishers blandly announce, this is " the most important biography of all times," greater care should have been taken with its presentation. The Victorian practice of printing a facsimile of the author's signature looks dreadfully vulgar in 1936. This appearance is only rivalled by the back of the book, which has crowded on it in letters of gold, " Arthur James Balfour, First Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., F.R.S., By his Niece Blanche E. C. Dugdale (Mrs. Edgar Dugdale)." Mrs. Dugdale herself should have been more careful of her grammar and should have avoided such usages as " The controversy were a case in point," or " Setting out to describe his own maiden speech, the atmosphere of the House of Commons overwhelms it." But if in certain respects this book is disappointing it does contain much that is of interest for the contemporary reader and something of permanent historical importance. Its faults arise, and for most of them Mrs. Dugdale is in no sense to blame, from being written by a relative. In these biographical days it has become the fashion for the relations of the mighty dead to regard a biography as a little extra perquisite to be kept at all costs in the family. Once in a century the selected relative happens to have the gifts of Mr. Winston Churchill and the result is stupendous. More often such books have all the insipidity of a glorified obituary notice. But perhaps there could hardly be a greater tribute to the fascinating brilliance of Balfour's mind than that he should have so completely conquered someone of such high intellectual gifts and developed critical faculties as the author of this book.

ROGER FULFORD

NEW NOVELS

Europa. By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. *Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

He's Got a Million. By V. KRYMOV. Transl. by MALCOLM BURR. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Under Moscow Skies. By MAURICE HINDUS. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Summer Will Show. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Among American novels published during the last eighteen months few have been more successful or have aroused more discussion than Robert Briffault's *Europa* ; and, if only because it illustrates at least one phase of the American attitude towards the Old World, an English edition was worth producing. For just as French critics—witness M. Paul Morand's egregious *Londres*—continue to regard England as the land of impenetrable fogs, strong poisonous black tea, eccentric but erudite clubmen and horse-racing dukes, so the Middle-western view of Europe, as a hotbed of fantastic corruption and picturesque debauchery,

THE LONDON

MERCURY

AND BOOKMAN

1s. Edited by R. A. Scott-James **1s.**

THREE ISSUES FREE

TO mark the inauguration of several important changes in THE LONDON MERCURY, a special offer is made. New Annual Subscribers who enrol before October 1st will be presented with the NEXT THREE ISSUES FREE. For Fifteen Shillings (the usual rate for a year) you may therefore receive the magazine by post from the next number—October—until the end of 1937, including the two half-crown Christmas Numbers published in December.

THE LONDON MERCURY will be published in future from the offices of *The New Statesman and Nation.* The cover and text typography have been re-designed, and subscribers may expect in the near future other changes which will aim at making the magazine more attractive and necessary to all who are genuinely interested in literature and the arts.

Readers unfamiliar with THE LONDON MERCURY may be reminded that it not only provides an authoritative commentary on literary and artistic questions of the day, but is a platform for the free discussion of such matters as modern architecture, education, urban and rural planning, broadcasting—in short, for the discussion of all modern ideas which demand imaginative understanding.

Its reviews of the best recent books, written by leading authorities, and its criticism of contemporary plays, art exhibitions, films and musical events, as well as its notes on bibliography and book production, have firmly established THE LONDON MERCURY amongst the leading critical periodicals in this country.

Each issue includes a number of photogravure plates, reproducing a variety of pictures by modern artists and old masters, also wood engravings and line drawings.

The OCTOBER number will include:

An article on Film Censorship by

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Poems by Ernst Toller adapted by

W. H. AUDEN

A Short Story by

H. W. NEVINSON

also many other articles and regular features.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER CLOSES OCT. 1st

(Time will be allowed for overseas subscriptions)

Send at once to

LONDON MERCURY

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

seems to die hard. Mr. Briffault's novel purports to give us a panorama of European society before the outbreak of the great war. The novelist knows the countries of which he is writing; but he stands far enough away to be able to dress up reality in all the lurid and attractive colours of Ruritanian romance. Unfortunately, the British censor has been busy; and, even on the first page, I notice some excisions; while various episodes have been drastically abridged. The result, nevertheless, is calculated to keep simple-minded readers in a condition of shocked and envious bewilderment from the first to the last chapter; and, as they shut the book, at the moment when bellicose crowds are surging through the streets of Berlin with shouts of "*Deutschland über alles*," they will enjoy a feeling that poetic justice is about to be done and perhaps heave a sigh of regret that they themselves were not born Russian Grand Dukes.

Mr. Briffault is an out-and-out Romantic. He has a hearty appreciation of the *Almanach de Gotha*, a love of magnificent patrician backgrounds and a sharp nose for the more esoteric vices. At times, he is uncommonly heavy-handed. In its original form one of the great scenes of the novel centred round the flagellation of a Jewish baroness by a wicked Russian prince; and, as he approaches this scandalous and exciting passage (which in the English edition has been considerably cut down), Mr. Briffault employs so many, and such obvious, clichés that, were it not for his context, one might imagine that he was indulging in caricature:

> There was a tense silence. The prince spoke with slow deliberation. . . . There was an ugly glitter in his eyes. The baroness raised her brow interrogatively with studied unconcern.
>
> "One of my guests has grossly abused my confidence by cheating at cards, tricking my other guests out of sundry considerable sums. . . . And the culprit, Baroness Rubinstein, is yourself," the prince said, in the midst of a silence in which the dropping of a pin could have been heard.
>
> Starting, and drawing herself up, flashing with indignation, the baroness said: "Sir! You have no proof of your outrageous suggestion."

Yet, elsewhere, the narrative is unusually vivid; and, as an example of Mr. Briffault at his happiest, I should cite the paragraphs which tell how the protagonist spends a night on a fishing-boat in the Bay of Naples and describe the marine treasure-trove drawn up in the fishermen's nets. Certainly, the book does not lack gusto. What it lacks is balance, a genuine sense of style—as distinct from an appetite for sounding phrases—and a real seriousness that might turn the gusto to some account. *Europa* is an extremely readable melodrama: it is not a work of any historical or literary importance.

Holy Russia bulks large in Mr. Briffault's pages; and the same—one is now tempted to think, slightly mythical—universe reappears in Mr. V. Krymov's *He's Got a Million*. Here is a picture of smart go-getting St. Petersburg society during the last pre-revolutionary decade—of journalists, editors, business men, concession-hunters and idle rich, all enjoying themselves, eating, drinking and making fortunes with the feverish liveliness of a doomed and expiring race. The book is well written in a somewhat nervous and staccato manner. Mr. Krymov has broken up his narrative into short jerky paragraphs; and, amid a swarm of subsidiary characters, we follow the progress of a young journalist and social climber named Aristarkhov who, through his connection with the *Russian Gazette* and the clever use that he makes of his acquaintances, manages to acquire the million of which he has dreamed. In his foreword Mr. Krymov disclaims any affinity with Soviet ideals or interests, but adds that the effect of his book "will be to show English readers the inevitability of the Russian revolution." Perfectly true. A society so divided, so hysterical, so unsure of itself could not hope to survive; but it is sad that to go forward in some directions the human race—at least temporarily—should be obliged to go back in many others, and that a high moral tone, reminiscent of the text-book of the Boy Scout Movement, should make the average Communist story practically unreadable.

Under Moscow Skies is a conscientious pastiche of a modern Russian novel executed by a talented American journalist. The author has made a gallant attempt to give us a panoramic impression of Soviet activities during the most difficult and critical period of the Five Year Plan; but the narrative is continually toppling over into bathos. Somehow, in spite of oneself, one begins to smile. . . . For instance, there is the runaway Communist who deprived of the young woman he really loves seeks out another, makes up to her, folds her in a burning embrace; and "'You do like me,' he whispered convulsively, 'even if I am perverse in my ideology?'" A second episode concerns the unfortunate little boy who is urged by two earnest young Pioneers to denounce his mother's *kulak* tendencies through the medium of the wall-newspaper prepared by his school; while in an almost equally painful episode we learn how Andrey, returning home after a long and arduous campaign on the industrial front, hears that his wife is preparing to leave him and—not inexcusably—loses his temper and hurls at her head an epithet which is both opprobrious and regrettably old-fashioned:

> Anger and remorse struggled for supremacy—anger at her and himself, and remorse for the insult he had flung at her. Once, when he was in the Urals, he was judge in a social trial of a Party man who had called his wife a bitch, just as he had, and, like the other two judges, he voted for the man's expulsion from the Party. Now he himself had lapsed into the old barbarism.

If over-simplification detracts from one's enjoyment of Mr. Maurice Hindus' courageous and well-meaning, yet not entirely successful book, over-elaboration is the chief drawback of Miss Townsend Warner's. *Summer Will Show* is an historical novel which, starting in a Dorset village where Sophia is lady of the manor, moves to Paris just in time for the revolutionary outbreak of 1848. Miss Townsend Warner writes carefully and sometimes prettily; but there are occasions when her effects are too fine-drawn and when the nicety of her style becomes rather oppressive. Take, for example, this description of a French railway porter:

> "I will go and have breakfast," she said, smiling, pleased with herself and with him for pleasing her. For he was young, light and nimble, his eyes were sleek blackcurrants, the glib grandeur of his speech was like the polish of a new toy, so that altogether the encounter was like nibbling up a crisp young radish.

I should explain that up to this point Sophia has been described as the typical upper-class Victorian matron—an unbending mother and unforgiving wife—and that both her children have recently been carried off by smallpox. Her change of heart when she reaches Paris is a shade improbable; but the Parisian background itself is capably done.

PETER QUENNELL

USELESS CRUELTY

Walls Have Mouths. By W. F. R. MACARTNEY. With comments by Compton Mackenzie. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In January, 1928, Mr. Macartney was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for doing a bit of very amateurish spying for the U.S.S.R. In August, 1935, he was released, having lost only three days of his good conduct remission. This is the account of his imprisonment, an account remarkably free from bitterness—but very painful to read if one is free, well-fed, and happy.

Macartney got his first real glimpse of the type of mind in charge of prisons when the deputy-governor of Wandsworth—he stayed there three months on his way to Parkhurst—asked him the official question: "What are you going to do on your release?" After that he was prepared for anything, except perhaps the food he had to live on during the next seven years.

A prison is not a place for gourmets. One expects that. But one hardly expects the convicts' meals to be made a definite part of their punishment. On hot July evenings the men come in from haymaking to a pot of scalding hot cocoa, melting margarine, cheese like sweating soap, and a lump of half-baked bread. The meal is the same every night for a man with three or twenty years to serve. And all food is steamed. Every joint of roast meat has been well steamed before getting a short spell in the oven. "Sea pie" is

> a livid scum, patterned with a pallid tracery of cooling grey grease, and just below this fearsome surface rests a lump of grey matter like an incised tumour, the dirty dices of pale pink, half-cooked carrots heightening the diseased anatomical resemblance.

(Sea pie turns the stomach of more than Parkhurst men. In *Snobbery with Violence*, an account of six months in Wormwood Scrubs, Geoffrey de Montalk puts sea pie at the head of all dietetic horrors—"a frightful cube, about three inches wide, of bread-cum-suet pudding, with suggestions of meat hanging to it, the whole simmering in a thin stock.")

The official view is that as long as the food is "sufficient to prevent wastage" everything is as it should be and it is no one's concern that long-term prisoners rejoin society broken-winded, pot-bellied and spindle-shanked. The bread and water diet will always bring to his senses any convict inclined to grumble. And there are, it appears, officials with a financial interest in feeding prisoners badly.

All just ready

CHANGING MAN

by BEATRICE KING · 10/6

The first really complete account of education in the U.S.S.R.

"A really important book"—*Sir Bernard Pares*

"All progressive teachers keep a watchful eye on Russia, & will be glad to read so clear, so comprehensive & so authoritative an account of the working of the Soviet systems of education. Of great educational interest & value"—*Dr. P. B. Ballard*

"I cannot give the faintest indication of the immense store of facts & suggestions this book affords"—*E. E. Kellett* (*News Chronicle*)

PARENTS' QUESTIONS

by the staff of the Child Study Association of America · 8/6

Members of that pioneer body, the Child Study Association of America, have set down detailed answers to the most significant & frequently recurring questions put to them by parents. They have arranged the questions in ten categories: Habits & Habit Training, Discipline & Authority, Healthy Attitudes Towards Health, Heredity & Training, The Child's Emotions, Sex in Childhood, Character & Spiritual Growth, School & Home, The Child & the Outside World, Parents as People.

"*An extremely wise & helpful book for all concerned in children's upbringing in this country. Although many of the actual situations dealt with are bound up with American conditions of life, parallel questions arise in the English family. The solutions offered, & the profound understanding on which advice is based, will be found equally applicable to English problems*"—Dr. Susan Isaacs, Head of the Department of Child Development, University of London Institute of Education

THE STRUGGLE FOR PEACE

by SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS · 7/6

The central theme of Sir Stafford's book is that peace can only be preserved by the formation of a league, or group, of Socialist & semi-Socialist States. Many, both from the right & from the left, will not agree with it: but in view of the issues it raises it forms an invaluable basis of discussion on the most vital topic of the day.

"A profoundly interesting book"—*John Strachey* (*Left Book News*)

VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD., 14 HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN

Bread and water, loss of remission of sentence, and flogging are the three pillars of prison discipline. Flogging is the punishment for assaulting a jailor or for any speech or action interpretable as mutiny or incitement to mutiny. In Macartney's time at Parkhurst a convict, so badly wounded in the war that he had a silver plate in his head, was goaded into semi-madness by a warder and attacked him. He got twenty-four lashes for that, a sentence confirmed by Mr. Clynes, then Home Secretary.

Mr. Clynes seems hardly to have been the convicts' best friend—quite apart from this particular flogging. After an hour's visit to Dartmoor he announced that the English prison system had reached the "acme of perfection." (This was three months before the intolerable conditions caused the Dartmoor mutiny.) Until he became Home Secretary, Parkhurst convicts were allowed to fasten magazine pictures on the bare whitewash of their cell walls. He ordered them to be taken down. Macartney had a photograph of Mr. MacDonald in his cell and petitioned Mr. Clynes to be allowed to keep it—as a "reformative and edifying influence." Mr. Clynes apparently had no illusions about his Premier, for back came the order that his photograph had to go.

In contrast to Mr. Clynes is Mr. Winston Churchill. As Home Secretary he abolished the treadmill, put clear instead of frosted glass in cell windows, introduced concerts and lectures, stopped aged convicts being worked to death and gave them better food and a common-room and garden of their own. "Winston was the only chap who ever helped the lag or did us any good" is Parkhurst's verdict.

After four years in prison Macartney entered the special stage. Smoking is allowed at certain times, it is possible to earn money to spend on groceries and tobacco, certain Sunday newspapers can be bought and the hours of exercise are longer.

There is no good reason why a convict should wait four years for these privileges. Society has protected itself and punished the criminal by depriving him of his liberty. Why go on from legitimate punishment to purposeless brutality? Plain, well-cooked food, tobacco, selected newspapers (but not, as at present, only Conservative ones), radio, a properly run library, the opportunity to learn a trade—a humane Home Secretary could grant all these provided he ignored his permanent officials and snapped his fingers at the papers which began howling, "Mollycoddler!" They are hesitantly moving towards this at Wakefield and the majority of Wakefield men never enter a jail again. But in the prisons where men serve long terms of penal servitude every trifling privilege has to be wrung from the governor by convicts like Macartney who never cease to fight, diplomatically, for a little more than their legal rights.

After this book there is no excuse for the comfortable feeling that all is well with English long-term prisons, no excuse for not knowing that they turn the normally sexed man into a temporary homosexual, send him back to ordinary life physically enfeebled, cut him off from practically all knowledge of current happenings, refuse him useful employment of his leisure, and surround him with vindictive prohibitions. If he rebels they flog him.

I hope Mr. Gollancz makes a Christmas present of *Walls Have Mouths* to the Home Secretary, to every judge and prison governor. They'll do their best to dodge reading it unless he does.

JOHN BEEVERS

CRITICAL ENJOYMENT

Reperusals and Re-Collections. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Pearsall Smith writes of the authors whom he has read and enjoyed and re-read. Some of them—Jane Austen, particularly—he has re-read so often that they are almost beyond the realm of discussion; everything may now be taken for granted; and what catches our notice is the situation of Mansfield Park (nine miles north of Northampton, we are told) or the possibility that Mr. Woodhouse's drawing-room may have been upstairs instead of on the ground floor. For those who are amused by an Austen cult, who can understand, for example, the comparison of reading *Pride and Prejudice* to "starting on a switch-back railway," this little essay no doubt says all that need be said; and it does in fact contain some delightful appreciation. Perhaps Jane Austen has been too much read by a few and not enough read by the rest to be treated in any other way. Still, I think Mr. Pearsall Smith was right in putting this essay at the end of the book. Another author whom I suspect him of over-reading—Henry James—does not appear on his own account at all; but how beneficently, how wisely, his presence shines out from a number of passages!

On the advantages of re-reading, Mr. Pearsall Smith writes as follows:

> Critics have pointed out how the great classics of literature absorb into themselves the admiration of successive generations, and become of greater value in the process. Time and history adds to their significance; it patines and mellows them. In something the same way the briefer history of one human life may enrich a familiar book with many associations. We remember our first acquaintance with it, the times and places when we read it again, the people we quarrelled with about it; and we see through film after film of appreciation its half-forgotten pages.

That admirably describes his own practice. The experience of reading, the admiration of literature in itself, so that its oddities as well as its masterpieces appeal—these elements, commonly dismissed by more puritanical critics as irrelevant, add enormously to our enjoyment of *Reperusals and Re-Collections*. And not only to our enjoyment (though that is important), but to an understanding of the writers discussed. The essay on Madame de Sévigné begins with a view of French landscape from the window of a train—impossible, at the end, to disentangle the view from the Letters; there are literary pilgrimages to Sevenoaks and Geneva; Carlyle is inseparable from Craigenputtoch and Chelsea. Persuasiveness is at least an important part of criticism, and Mr. Pearsall Smith almost persuades me to read Carlyle—although his title "The Rembrandt of English Prose" seemed to me at first to miss the mark completely. I am still not quite convinced.

By far the longest piece in the book is the essay on "English Aphorists." It appeared first, I believe, as the introduction to an anthology, and some of the choices have since, no doubt, been incorporated. It is a marvel of taste, industry and readability. Mr. Pearsall Smith begins with Bacon and ends with Shaw; how many authors he read through, in the interval, I dare not guess: George Savile, Selden, Halifax, Blake (as an aphorist), Thomas Fuller, Joseph Hall, Sir Henry Taylor, are some of the less expected names. Emerson I had always known as a writer of detached phrases (the essays were compiled by grouping sentences on the same subject), but I never had the energy or the imagination to see the value of some of these phrases in themselves. His ironic side was a surprise to me:

> A person seldom falls sick, but the bystanders are animated with a faint hope that he will die.
>
> Every hero becomes a bore at last.
>
> That which we call sin in others, is experiment with us.
>
> We do not quite forgive a giver. The hand that feeds us in danger of being bitten.
>
> Truth is beautiful, without doubt, and so are lies.

How many, I wonder, would guess Emerson there? Mr. Pearsall Smith produces two other Emersons, equally surprising: the poetic (whom he compares with Blake), and the homely-humorous. "We think our civilisation near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star," is a splendid example of the first; and "The clergy are as like as peas, I cannot tell them apart," of the second. Most of these sayings, apparently, Mr. Pearsall Smith discovered in the volumes of Journal (few of us have got behind the façade of the Essays), and it is typical of his research that he should have found qualities in Emerson which even his admirers have overlooked. The English Aphorists (81 pages) are followed by two less reputable authors of "sayings," William Maginn and Thomas Fuller—both delightful—and by a discussion of the *pensée*. I hope that one day Mr. Pearsall Smith will complement his *Treasury of English Aphorisms* with an anthology of the *pensée*-writers. Joubert, for example, is still almost unknown in England.

A large middle section of the book is occupied with the aphorism and the *pensée*; the other essays at first sight appear miscellaneous. There is a delicious portrait of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, "an incredibly aristocratic rhinoceros" in the midst of her garden, who had, too, an interest in words, to which she attached a private bias; and equally delicious is the picture of "Michael Field," the two maiden ladies who wrote blank verse tragedies and held court at Richmond. The essays on Montaigne, Sainte-Beuve, Jeremy Taylor and Donne's Sermons are excellent.

Miscellaneous this volume may be in appearance, but it has an admirable consistency when it is read. Every page has been worked at for days. Mr. Pearsall Smith believes that a critic should not only re-read but re-write.

G. W. STONIER

MACMILLAN

Big Horse's Flight: The Trail of War in Central Asia
By DR. SVEN HEDIN. *With 120 Photographs and Drawings by the author.* 21s.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, was sent by the Chinese Government to the distant province of Sinkiang to mark out two motor roads between it and China proper. The author vividly depicts the horrors of war as waged in Central Asia, and the strange intermingling of civilisation and barbarism.

The Making of Modern Turkey: From Byzantium to Angora
By SIR HARRY LUKE, C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, author of *Anatolica*, etc. 10s. 6d.

This book traces the transition of the cosmopolitan, international Ottoman Empire to the racially almost homogeneous national Turanian Angora Republic. The author writes with authority derived from close personal knowledge of Turkey.

Alternative to Rearmament By JONATHAN GRIFFIN. 6s.

This book answers the question, "If other nations rearm with weapons of terrific aggressive power, what else can we do?" It works out a new peace and defence policy for Great Britain, designed to meet the epoch-making change which air power has produced in the effective geographic position of our country.

Science of Public Finance By G. FINDLAY SHIRRAS, *Professor of Economics and Principal, Gujarat College, University of Bombay. A New Edition thoroughly revised and rewritten.* 2 vols. 42s.

Professor Shirras's work has been so largely extended, revised and brought up to date, that it has become virtually a new book. It now surveys the whole field with special reference to the results of recent speculations and the application of the principles to actual conditions. The two volumes are intended especially for students of finance, but will interest a much larger circle.

Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments By SIR JOSIAH STAMP, G.C.B., G.B.E. *New and Revised Edition.* 10s. 6d.

This edition has been thoroughly revised. The author has brought some of its statements to date by correcting footnotes, and introduced a good deal of new matter, illustrations from more recent events, and references to later problems, direct into the text, but clearly distinguished, for the guidance of the student.

Soviet Money and Finance By L. E. HUBBARD. 12s. 6d.

"An extremely lucid account of the special functions of Soviet financial institutions."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"A real attempt to analyse in detail the financial system of the U.S.S.R. and to explain its workings and its weaknesses. . . . An extremely interesting book."—*Bankers' Magazine.*

Japanese Trade and Industry: Present and Future
By MITSUBISHI ECONOMIC RESEARCH BUREAU, TOKYO
With Maps and Charts. 21s.

"An exhaustive analysis of the great expansion of Japanese trade and industry which has followed the depression period of 1929-32. It includes statistical data and diagrams under every possible heading."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Ready Mid-October

Hindenburg: The Wooden Titan By J. W. WHEELER-BENNETT.
With Illustrations and Map.

A New volume of *Studies in Modern History*, edited by Professor L. B. Namier. The book provides a connected account of German history from 1914 to 1934.

[All prices are net]

MACMILLAN

ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER

Great Britain, Empire and Commonwealth, 1886-1935. By J. A. SPENDER. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this review seems most accurately to describe Mr. Spender's view of contemporary history. It is an interesting and perhaps illuminating fact, that it appears to be also the view of history in general which informs the recent work of another distinguished Liberal, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, in his history of modern Europe. Both of them treat history as a sober record of very nearly discrete events; they avoid the tendency to trace "movements" in human affairs; they eschew theory; they hesitate to speak even of historical direction. They seem to think it enough—perhaps bad enough—that we should know that things happen and that it is safer not to ask why they happen. It is remarkable that this view is almost antithetical to that of the Victorian Liberals who were always asking why, were always tracing historical movements and direction, and saw in human history, ancient and modern, indubitable signs of progress. The change from this outlook to that of Mr. Fisher and Mr. Spender may be due in part to the deep shadows of disillusionment into which Liberalism has passed during recent years. To the eye of the Liberal, still looking unconsciously and hoping unconsciously for "progress," the record of modern history is almost literally one damn thing after another.

It is also precisely what history looks like in the eye of an intelligent man who watches it pass before him in the newspapers. For a quarter of a century we have opened our newspapers every morning with the question at the back of our minds: What new, sudden, inexplicable, irrational catastrophe has history sprung upon us in the night? And there sure enough it is in the bold black headlines: war, assassination, massacre, atrocity, battle, murder, or sudden death. The fact is significant, because Mr. Spender is not only a distinguished Liberal, but has been one of the most distinguished Liberal editors and political journalists of his time. His book is in fact essentially the history of Great Britain during the last fifty years, as it appears to an extremely well-informed, sober-minded, intelligent Liberal journalist. There is much to be said in praise of such a history. It is an admirable record of mere events. If you want, for instance, to know just what happened in the involved diplomacy of the years 1899 to 1914, which finally entangled Great Britain in the Entente and the war, you cannot get a clearer, simpler, or more impartial narrative of events than Mr. Spender's. His impartiality, indeed, deserves a special word. It is worthy of the best traditions of the older British newspapers which considered it their duty to keep the statement of facts, the giving of the "news," absolutely apart from comment. The "news" was sacred, and the historical "news" is sacred to Mr. Spender; he gives the facts, however much he may dislike them. Even his comments are meticulously fair and sober. Indeed, the only bias detectable in nearly 900 pages of contemporary and controversial history is his obvious hostility to Mr. Lloyd George and, perhaps its corollary, a rather uncritical appreciation of Mr. Asquith. Even here, however, the facts themselves, as presented, are so devastating that many people who do not share Mr. Spender's partiality for the one will consider that his hostility to the other has some justification.

The book is not only an admirable record of events; it also has the great merit of being continuously interesting and readable. One may put this merit down to its journalistic rather than its Liberal parentage. But the whole method of writing history has its limitations and its disadvantages. We remain always upon the surface of events, and upon the surface of the characters of those who controlled or seemed to control them. This does not matter very much where Mr. Spender keeps to chronological narrative—as indeed he does for the greater part of the book. But where he offers his own comments and interpretations, as he inevitably must occasionally, they leave one with a feeling of inadequacy or superficiality. This is particularly noticeable in the chapters at the end of the book, devoted not to a chronological narrative of events, but to special subjects like "Labour and Economics" and "Art and Literature." They seem perfunctory and superficial, unworthy of the rest of the book.

LEONARD WOOLF

AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT the shares of British Banks and Insurance Companies offer safety of capital and certainty of income with excellent prospects of appreciation. Hitherto, investment in this field has been restricted by the high cost of the shares and the liability generally attaching to them in respect of uncalled capital. Through the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares the investor can now acquire an interest, *free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital*, in shares selected from fifty-two leading British Banks and Insurance Companies.

TRUST of BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

Bank-Insurance Units may be purchased through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is from 3¾ per cent. to 4 per cent. Price of Units, 16th September, 21s. 9d.

TRUSTEES: MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED.
30 CORNHILL - LONDON - E.C.3. TEL. MANSION HSE. 5467

For full particulars apply to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to the General Manager at the above address, for Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares Pamphlet.

MeN 836/6

CUISINE FRANÇAISE

Les Jeunes Filles. By H. DE MONTHERLANT. *Grasset.* 15 *frs.*
Beloukia. By DRIEU LA ROCHELLE. *Gallimard.* 12 *frs.*
Fils du Jour. By ANDRÉ THÉRIVE. *Grasset.* 15 *frs.*
Journal d'un Curé de Campagne. By GEORGES BERNANOS. *Plon.* 15 *frs.*

What a poverty of new talent in both painting and literature, in France as well as in England! Or is this, on my part, the mere dismay of a premature senility, unable to apprehend excellencies which are not familiar? The generation which preceded mine could not understand our enthusiasm for Picasso and Gide; and if there were a new Picasso or a new Gide, we should presumably be no less obtuse. But I cannot find that there are any painters or writers who excite in undergraduates an analogous and incomprehensible enthusiasm. The poverty of new talent, I conclude, is real; and due partly to the absence of "the missing generation" and partly to the insecurity of the times. Luckily man is a long-lived animal, and during these lean years we can support ourselves on talents which were disclosed in happier decades. This paragraph is an apology for not including any new names among the authors discussed. Though the absence of new talent is, I think, more noticeable in France than in England, the middle-aged remain formidable. Gide, Colette, Mauriac, Jules Romains, Julien Green, Schlumberger, Roger Martin du Gard, Céline, Cocteau, Montherlant, Malraux, Giraudoux, Duhamel, Jouhandeau, Drieu la Rochelle, Supervielle, Lacretelle, Marcel Aimé, Morand, Thérive, Maurois, Bernanos, Bloch—these are of very unequal merit, but when any one of these (and I have surely forgotten some equally conspicuous names) writes a new novel, I feel tolerably sure of finding it a pleasure to read. And here are a few notes on four that I have lately enjoyed.

Montherlant is an aristocrat and his first novels were lyrical effusions in praise of Catholic athletes as the knights of modern chivalry. Their feeling, however, was very remote from the straight bat, Newbolt, Boy Scout or Public-School-sermon spirit, and the religion in them seemed chiefly decorative, an excuse for eloquence. In due course Montherlant shed his Catholicism, and started a flirtation with Mithraism in a novel about bull-fighting, called *Les Bestiaires*. There was no doubt about his talent, and

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER

GERALD BULLETT

'An engrossing novel, but you must be prepared for strong meat. I don't know what Mr. Bullett's following is. It deserves to be enormous. But whatever it is, this book will add to it.'—BYSTANDER 7/6

RUMFUSTIAN

JUDITH FAY

'Read it, for it is one of those frolicsome vagaries about deliciously improbable people. Miss Fay has wit and a keen sense of the ridiculous. You can hardly help enjoying it!—*Ralph Straus* in the SUNDAY TIMES. 7/6

★

A. R. ORAGE

Philip Mairet

Described in the Press as 'the talk of literary circles,' this book is a study of the puzzling personality who was best known for his brilliant editorship of the *New Age* weekly. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton and 4 half-tone illustrations. 8/6

MEN, MOVEMENTS AND MYSELF

Lord Snell

'The story of a career which has enriched the National Life and inspired thousands to the higher calls of social duty. A fine book written in a fine spirit.'—DAILY HERALD. Fully illustated. 18/-

★

DENT

Are you missing the greatest reading adventure of our generation?

JULES ROMAINS

is, to quote the novelist, *William McFee*, "doing something new and something great" in the noble sequence of novels with which he is building up the greatest work of fiction in our time, MEN OF GOOD WILL. As an historical portrait of society it is succeeding where the professional historians have failed. As literature it is succeeding, not because it is forging a new and startling form for the novel, but because it bears within itself the æsthetic justification for that new form.

In many ways the finest of the volumes that have yet appeared is

THE EARTH TREMBLES

in which is heard the thunder of approaching war

Double Volume 10/6

HAMISH MILES (in the *New Statesman* September 12th) says:

"It is the variety of social and mental background throughout the successive volumes, the constant and consistent sense of humanity, the awareness of how men and women live and behave in relation to their particular part of the social machine, that give the work its significance and its fascination. It is impossible to convey within a reasonable space how wide that variety is."

PETER QUENNELL (in the *New Statesman*), reviewing earlier volumes, said:

"There is no doubt that he creates the illusion of living . . . . the product of a miraculously fertile imagination . . . . no scene that he touches remains prosaic."

MEN OF GOOD WILL

Titles of the preceding volumes:

I. THE SIXTH OF OCTOBER. II. QUINETTE'S CRIME.
III. CHILDHOOD'S LOVES. IV. EROS IN PARIS.
V. THE PROUD OF HEART. VI. THE HUMBLE.
VII. THE LONELY. VIII. PROVINCIAL INTERLUDE.

each 7/6 net

BUT

Write to the Publishers for leaflet giving particulars of a very attractive offer of the complete set of volumes, supplied through your Bookseller, at greatly reduced cost

LOVAT DICKSON LTD 38 BEDFORD ST. WC2

he insolently affirmed himself with an attack on the G.O.M. of French literature. Whereas Barrès walked about Toledo with an umbrella, he, Montherlant, was the true, the post-war, Toledophile, for had he not consummated a seduction actually in the Cathedral? In *Les Célibataires* he came nearer to the central tradition of the French novel, deserting mysticism for a study of the devastating effect of the family and money. His new book, *Les Jeunes Filles*, is his best. It is the most caddish novel I have ever read. A young writer receives fan-letters from a girl, corresponds with her and meets her. She falls in love with him, he explains that she does not attract him, and boasts of his other conquests: she throws herself at his head more desperately than ever. The book ends before she goes mad, kills herself, or recovers. Evidently the conventions are rather unreasonable; there is still a notion that in a love-affair it is the woman who confers a benefit, and the man who receives it, though in these Stopesian days one might hope that the advantage was mutual. In any case, if a girl turns down a chap, no one blames her; but when a woman wants to be too kind to a man, he has to take refuge in flight or the most preposterous excuses. But one does not need to be conventional to be shocked by the calculated brutality of M. de Montherlant's book. It is possible to sympathise with the horror which being loved inspires in his hero, but the gusto with which he tramples on the girl's feelings is as vulgar as it is ugly. Indeed, only a neurotic and probably a man with a physical distaste for all women could be so entirely without pity or tenderness. The author is at pains to tell us that we must not identify him with his hero, and I have rarely come across a novel in which this precaution was so necessary. It reads like a fragment of autobiography—that is to say, that it is utterly convincing, as well as most admirably written. A distinguished, outrageous, and prodigiously readable novel.

Drieu la Rochelle is in the best sense a poetical novelist. *Une Femme à sa Fenêtre* seems to me one of the best novels since the war. His new book, *Beloukia*, is set in an imaginary Bagdad, because he required a background of civil war. (If it had been written a year later, the scene, one suspects, would be Madrid or Seville.) It is the tale of an adultery with the moral that in the end marriage wins. Whereas Montherlant hates love, and sets up the alternative of a mixture of affection and desire, Drieu, the most "woman-conscious" of novelists, lyrically exalts the passion, and ennobles the body, while contending that there are more urgent allegiances. His language is crystalline and unaffectedly poetic, the story is a model of construction.

André Thérive is a novelist still too little known in England. He is not, I think, a natural story-teller, and his books are too much encumbered with finely observed but inessential detail. Also he lacks flame. His novels are structures of the intelligence; he invents an interesting situation, carefully plots its development, and concludes without a moral. In *Le Voyage de M. Renan* he confronted Gordon at Khartoum with Renan (or rather with Renan's physical and intellectual double). In *Le Charbon Ardent* he showed a married man in love and unable to divorce, though not a practising Catholic, because of a mysterious resistance in himself, which he has inherited, it seems, from his unknown father, a priest. In *Fils du Jour* he gives us a comfortably off bourgeois family, devout Catholics, given up to good works. The son leaves home to live with a married woman, not in the gaiety of wild oats, but in deliberate and painful renunciation of his background, earning his living in a factory, and sharing his life with a kind, unhappy, coarse-handed woman of the proletariat. A curious and interesting novel, very actual in its concern with the present revolt against the bourgeois ideal.

Finally, *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne*. M. Bernanos is a violent Catholic, in whose first novel Satan in person played a principal part; he then wrote a book about Drumont (a French Streicher of fifty years ago) in which he reproached modern Catholics with their tepidity. His new novel is the story of a parish priest in the country, an ugly, unhealthy man of the humblest origin. There is little here of the sweetness and light of Catholicism, still less of the jolly, rollicking beer-and-skittles Catholicism invented by Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton. Bernanos, like Mauriac, belongs to the Puritanical tradition which has been strong in France since the days of Port Royal. Too often Frenchmen support the Church merely as a bulwark of property and nationalism, two idols which Christ attacked with particular virulence. But for Bernanos (and Mauriac) the Church is not a sort of Primrose League, it is the mystical body of Christ; and strait is the gate. The *Journal d'un Curé de Campagne* is superbly written and full of sombre beauty, but I think most English Catholics would consider it unduly painful, and even nasty, while non-Catholics will require to make a great effort of imagination to accept the author's premises.

These four novels are all designed as works of art, not as entertainments. The construction and actual writing are conspicuously good. Our novelists also use good materials, but too often spoil them by slovenly preparation, shapeless construction and an insipid or verbose style. Dare I suggest that there is some analogy, so far as England and France are concerned, between fiction and cooking? Or will Mrs. Woolf, herself a *cordon bleu*, hasten to champion our novelists with an enthusiasm like that Mr. Woolf has brought to the defence of our cooks?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

LORD SNELL OF PLUMSTEAD

Men, Movements, and Myself. By LORD SNELL. *Dent.* 18*s.*

Lord Snell of Plumstead affords the clearest proof that in this England of ours a man may start from nothing, ask no favours, choose a way of life that seems the opposite of any that an ambitious youth would think of, embrace unpopular views, work with plain people, and yet reach a fine position in public life and be able at 70 to look back upon successes that many a careerist must envy from his heart. A humbler start than that of Harry Snell there could hardly be. He was a village boy in Nottinghamshire, working in the fields at eight years of age. His picture of rural poverty and servitude when Victorian England was booming is drawn with quiet emphasis. He had to take wretched jobs and endure long intervals of unemployment until his twenty-fourth year, when a way of escape opened for him. He began to earn a minimum salary by working for causes that he believed in. Congenitally he was of the minority, often the smallest minority in sight, and Nottingham in the 1880's was a convenient centre for an earnest rebel such as he. Charles Bradlaugh appeared, and Harry Snell found him "the most imposing human being" he was ever to know. He joined the Secularists, the S.D.F., the I.L.P., the Fabians, and then gave his mature devotion to the Ethical Movement, in which he found both the fellowship he needed and an anchorage for the meliorism in which he has lived and worked with full content of spirit for half a century. By the time he entered Parliament in 1922 he was a competent speaker and as thoroughly drilled a committee-man as any in London, and after nine years at Westminster he went to the Lords without allowing the new dignity to make the smallest difference in his mind or ways. It is a remarkable story, and altogether belonging to that section of English life which no continental European could be expected to understand.

Lord Snell has made no enemies and his reminiscences are singularly free from hostile judgments upon his opponents, political or religious. In character and mental make-up he belongs to the older world of English Dissent: no puritan preacher could be more completely identified than he with moral purpose and a single way of enforcing it. He is an embodiment of the good life expressed in good citizenship, although, of course, his convictions upon the fundamentals of religion and property and the function of the Churches are at the opposite pole to those of the society in which he was nurtured. Those convictions were made by his own grim experience of the life of the labouring poor, and having once arrived at them he was not to be shaken. Lord Snell says that London cast its spell upon him at the first touch and that his feeling about it has never changed. Therefore the crowning of his career by election to the chair of the London County Council would seem to have an appropriateness that could hardly be bettered.

SHORTER NOTICES

Captain James Cook. By VICE-ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 15*s.*

The reader will find this story of Captain Cook and his voyages all that such a story should be. Admiral Gordon Campbell has an agreeable narrative style, and his appreciation of the famous navigator's seamanship and capacity as a leader is both authoritative and felicitous. Not the least interesting part of the book is that in which the Admiral treats of Cook's early life, from the time when he first went to sea as an apprentice to a Whitby firm of collier owners, to the time, when having enlisted in the Navy as A.B. and having won his way to high warrant rank as a Master acting as nautical surveyor, he was chosen to command the *Endeavour*. The book is well illustrated, and is provided with some useful charts.

FIVE REAL BOOKS

we have published since Sept. 1st.

(1) **The most amusing** book of the Autumn season. (see **Ralph Straus** & **Gerald Gould)**

(2) **The best detective story** by a new English writer. (see **Torquemada** & **Milward Kennedy)**

(3) **The most original** study of modern America. (see **D.C. Somervell)**

(4) **The most talked of** biography of the season. (see **Edith Shackleton** & **Bruce Lockhart)**

(5) **A first novel of "authentic vision"** by a novelist compared by the ***Times*** to **Flaubert**

1 **SELL ENGLAND ?** 1

by Dacre Balsdon 7/6 NET

"Genuinely funny and in places wickedly satirical. If you want to chuckle here is your chance."—*Ralph Straus.* "Delightful. Very hilarious situations. A thoroughly good joke."—*Gerald Gould.*

2 **MURDER AT MARKENDON COURT** 2

by H. H. Stanners 7/6 NET

"One of the most satisfying crime books of the year."—*Torquemada.* "A pretty problem—admirably sketched."—*Milward Kennedy.*

3 **AMERICA TO-DAY** 3

by Herbert Agar 12/6 NET

"A brilliant and very searching inquiry. Should be read by all Englishmen."—*Douglas West.* "A bold and skilful attack upon a formidable problem."—*D. C. Somervell.*

4 **THE EARNEST ATHEIST** 4

by Malcolm Muggeridge 10/6 NET

"Brilliantly written. A magnificent piece of prose, vigorous and stimulating."—*R. H. Bruce Lockhart.* "This is a book everybody will have to read, because everybody will talk about it."—*Edith Shackleton.*

5 **STUBBORN ROOTS** 5

by Elma Godchaux 7/6 NET

"Something lost of Flaubert's sheer literary skill, but also something added. Stubborn Roots is a striking novel of unusual luxuriance."—*Times.* "Prose, full, almost heavy, with the minute particulars of scene and sensation. A novel of uncommon interest and authentic vision."—*Times Lit. Sup.*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

ETHEL MANNIN'S

SOUTH TO SAMARKAND

Gerald Gould:

"I do not, as a rule, care for travel books, but I found *South to Samarkand* extremely vivid and impressive."

A. E. Coppard:

"A fascinating account of the way Miss Mannin defied the Soviet government and took the iron road to Samarkand. She describes her lawless journey with a relentless veracity that surprises as well as excites."

John Brophy:

"It has a character of its own, springing from its sharp, uncompromising observations and from the strong determined, deliberately honest personality of its author."

A. J. Cronin:

"It is the best travel book I have read in years. I shall not rest till I've been to Samarkand."

Arthur J. Cummings:

"Miss Mannin, I should think, would be a good person to go tiger hunting with."

Bruce Lockhart:

"Miss Mannin is an intrepid traveller with a gift of romantic description. She is full of vitality, generally honest, sometimes indiscreet. Her new book will add to her reputation."

Selected by Foyle's Travel Book Club as the best book of the month.

Illustrated 12/6.

JARROLDS Publishers (LONDON) Ltd.

Week-end Competitions

No. 340

Set by H. L. Morrow

An American critic, Miss Virginia Moore, has, apparently, discovered that what had up till now been innocently assumed to be the words "Love's Farewell" at the top of the MS. of a poem by Emily Brontë, is no less than the name of the authoress's secret lover, a gentleman with the odd name of Louis Parensell. We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a letter from a real Mr. Louis Parensell, late of Keighley, Yorks, now of the Shades, protesting against being mixed up with "these Brontë Girls," whom he had never actually seen but about whose family he had heard plenty of strange gossip. The letter should be addressed to Miss Moore's publishers and should consist of not more than 400 words of good stiff invective.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 25.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 338

Set to G. W. Stonier

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of twenty-five lines containing the following rhymes in this order: Car, Star; Malice, Palace; Go, Low; Aerial, All; Plane, Swain, Again; Pole, Rigmarole; Wells, Shells; Paris, Tarries; Hippodrome, Home; Ford, Scored; Wight, Cenobite; Station, Nation. The poem may be eighteenth century or twentieth century in subject, and pastoral, satirical, classic or modern in feeling—as the competitor wishes.

Report by G. W. Stonier

For about half of the eighty-six entrants the opening rhyme Car-Star decided their poem. A motor-car and a film-star were followed by the Regent Palace, Paris, the Hippodrome, and a monkish recantation at the end (induced by Cenobite). There was a tendency, too, to hitch one's car to a star and go caravanning away from Wells and shells, aerials and picture palaces and end up in the Isle of Wight. A number of competitors incidentally denounced dictatorship and war, praised Low, recommended their friends to buy THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Some of these entries were better than others, but none outstanding. The remaining forty or so poems were extraordinarily varied and ingenious, including parodies of Eliot and Marianne Moore, Odes for and against the Alexandra Palace, a Crabbe landscape, and brief tales in the style of *The Rape and the Lock*. They were difficult to choose from. I suggest a First Prize of One Guinea for E. F. C., and Second Prizes of Half-a-Guinea each for Lakshmi, Allan M. Laing and Dilettante.

FIRST PRIZE

HEAD-LINES.

He who would circulate must hitch his car
To some low Standard or some rising Star,
Pepper his "Scandal in Smart Set" with malice
And try discreet "Romances of the Palace";
Thus choicely season'd anything will go
E'en high-brow leaders or cartoons by Low.
Tickle John's taste with "How to Make an Aerial,"
Let "Tasty Lenten Dishes" furnish Mary all
She needs to ask. For "Victim Burning Plane
Exclusive Photo" use your "Love-Sick Swain
In Court Exclusive Photo" once again.
Spoil the equator and exploit the pole
For pseudo-scientific rigmarole.
"10,000 Words On Peace by H. G. Wells,"
"10,000 Weekly Out-Put, H. E. Shells."
Keep up your sleeve a "Day by Day from Paris."
Or, if th' "Atrocity Eye-Witness" tarries,
"Amazing Triumph at the Hippodrome,"
Or "Group House Party in a Stately Home,"
"My Views on God and Man by Henry Ford,"
"Who Won the Ashes" or "Why Arsenal Scored,"
"Strange Revelations in the Isle of Wight,
Film-Star and Curate Says No Cenobite."
Serve up, all hot, one penny at the station,
Damn sixpence for the statesman or the nation! E. F. C.

SECOND PRIZE (1)

A MISSING EPISODE FROM THE MAHĀBHĀRATA.

"Draupadī beheld Subhadra seated on the royal car
And she frowned as frowns a Graha on red Rohinī the star.
Bitter envy seized the Princess, and with jealousy and malice
She accosted valiant Arjun in the gateway of the palace:
"Hast thou wedded Krishna's sister? To the forest let me go!"
And she made a scornful reverence, ceremonious, bowing low.
On her way a shrine she entered, heard a voice aërial:
Blessed Vishnu's words rebuked her; but she heeded not at all.
On she hastened, sad and bitter; then, beneath a leafy plane,
Milking of a placid heifer she observed a rustic swain,
Who in dulcet tones repeated Vishnu's warning once again.
"Swain," exclaimed the Queen in anger, "thou shalt hang from yonder pole!
Darest thou address thy Princess with this saucy rigmarole?"
On she hastened through that region noted for its sacred wells,
Where the waves of Pañchagaṅgā cast up white and rosy shells.
Now through snake-infested jungles, where they find the rare herb Paris,
Now through black and lonely rivers plunges she, and never tarries,
Heedless of her court and city, temple, market, hippodrome,
Of the duties of her station and the pleasures of the home.
Then a holy Sage perceived she, sitting naked by a ford;
With the marks of arduous penance was his ancient body scored.
For the last time Vishnu's warning spake that venerable wight:
And the impetuous Queen, relenting, knelt before the cenobite.
"Blest be thou, who dost recall me to the duties of my station!
I will lay aside my grievance in the interest of the nation."

LAKSHMI

SECOND PRIZE (2)

ROYAL VISIT

(As it might be described by embittered down-and-out).

There at the pithead throbs his shining car,
The near lamp gleaming like an earthbound star.
He moves, and eyes too vacant to hold malice
Bathe in the godlike aura of a palace.
Entranced, they watch him don a cloak and go
Where the cage waits, officials louting low.
The wheel upon its threadlike aerial
Revolves, a sight familiar to them all;
But now their minds move on a different plane:
The humming wire suspends a royal swain;
And so they stare their fill and stare again.
Republics crash: as far as farthest pole
Fly doubts of law, and red flag rigmarole;
Like rainbow scum on shallow, stagnant wells
King-worship lights their pallid-featured shells.
(For presidents, at Washington or Paris,
The quickening pulse of adoration tarries:
Turns at an international hippodrome,
They're not bill-toppers like a prince at home).
Comes honking by the doctor in his Ford:
It rattles cheaply and its wings are scored.
They pity him, a plainly mortal wight,
Like-flesh with each poor pit-bound cenobite.
He gets a glance, then all resume their station,
Adoring units of a loyal nation.

ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE (3)

Apollo rising in his eastern car
Dims the effulgence of the morning star:
The lurking spectres of nocturnal malice
Steal through the western shadows of that palace,
The woodland bower: dim sprites, that soon must go,
And in dank haunts lie desolate and low.
Now in their stead, bright spirits aerial
Dance in the sunlight gaily, charming all
The rustic scene, where 'neath the whispering plane
Trill forth the pipings of yon pastoral swain
Who joyful tunes rehearses, and again
Bursts forth triumphant, whilst about the pole,
Ribboned so gay, the pretty rigmarole
Of shepherd dance revolves, and all the wells
Of country song run sparkling springs, and shells
And conches add their note: each springtime Paris
Waves on his shepherdess, that coyly tarries,
And through the ancient, grassy hippodrome
Each couch of turf becomes an innocent home
For youth and maiden; whilst beyond the ford
Forlorn, 'twixt youth and age, he that has scored
O'er many years to his account, poor wight,
Stands looking on: the soberest cenobite,
Watching this scene, would straight forget his station
And wish himself, once more, among that happy nation.

DILETTANTE

ART APPRECIATION

by MARGARET DOBSON. 12 colour and 200 black and white illustrations. Cr. 4to. (10 × 7½ ins.). (Pub. 21/-, 1932). **Offered at 6/-** [*Postage 6d.*]. A comprehensive study of art from the dawn of time to the present day.

This is one item from our new Catalogue 491 of Books in new condition at greatly reduced prices. *Are you on our Mailing List for this and other catalogues?*

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
Booksellers, Cambridge, England

"The only thing that does me good"

"Vapex is the only thing that has ever done me good ... If I get a cold I at once take a few drops on my hanky and in a few hours I am fit and well again. I tell all my friends about it and they come back and thank me ... They say the same as I do; they have tried everything but find Vapex is the very best."
R. L., Hackney, E.9.

V 148

Try Vapex for yourself and you will never be without it again. The relief is marvellous. It clears the head and quickly breaks up the most stuffy cold.

VAPEX

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

The Crusade against CANCER

£150,000 urgently required

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions:—

(1) **EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE**
The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

(2) **ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS**
The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

(3) **NURSES' HOME**
A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and too long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

Will you please send a Gift to the Earl of Granard?

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD - - LONDON, S.W.3

From HONG KONG

"I have enjoyed smoking Barneys for many "years. Recently I discovered six tins of "Barneys which had been stowed away in "a cupboard and completely forgotten for "several years.

"They have been opened up and the tobacco "has been found in splendid condition, and "in fact very much improved by having "been matured. I am sending you one of "these tins so that you may examine it "yourselves and pronounce on its quality.

"Hong Kong climate varies in temperature "from 55° to 95° in the shade—and from "extreme dryness to extreme humidity."

Stowed away for nine years .. yet opens up in Factory-fresh condition

We examined the tin of Barneys this Hong Kong smoker returned (the serial number on it was *nine years old*) and found the tobacco in perfect condition ... *after nine years* in extremes of heat, dryness *and* humidity ... natural enemies of good Tobacco.

The Barneys "EverFresh" Tin maintains the freshness of its contents *absolutely and indefinitely, everywhere;* a smoker filling his pouch in the Barneys factory enjoys no advantage over the smoker on the fringes of the Empire: both get Barneys *Factory-fresh.*

Moreover, Barneys in the "EverFresh" Tin *mellows* with time, as this smoker has discovered ... We have known this for many years, to the greater enjoyment of our own pipe-smoking.

All three strengths* of Barneys have "EverFresh" protection. One of them may help *you* to a fuller realisation of pipe-joy. You will never encounter Tobacco in finer smoking condition.

Barneys

* **BARNEYS IDEAL**
Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). In "EVERFRESH" Tins, 1/2d. oz. READY-FILLS: Cartons of 12, 1/2d.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
"*The best Empire yet.*" In 1 oz. "LEADS" and 2 oz. and 4 oz. "EVERFRESH" Tins, 10½d. oz. READY-FILLS: Cartons of 12, 10½d.

(222) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne**

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 195.—THE BINARIAN SPY

By Prof. Helmut Hasse

In the recent war between Unitaria and Binaria a man suspected of being a Binarian spy was found in possession of the following cipher:

bcbaa	*cbabb*	*acbaa*	*bcbaa*	*bbcba*
bcbac	*bbbbc*	*bbabc*	*bacbc*	*baaba*
cbaac	*bbabc*	*babcb*	*bbacb*	*abaac*
bcbaa	*bacba*	*abbcb*	*abcbb*	*bacbc*
bbaac				

The fortunate interception of the message—which, incidentally, the Unitarian expert had little difficulty in decoding—averted a serious danger.

What is the decode?

PROBLEM 193.—ANOTHER ARTHURIAN LEGEND

I think this type of problem amusing; one has, of course, a solution in one's mind, but there is no knowing what alternatives the ingenuity of readers may throw up. "The Proclamation of King Numericus" produced nothing very good, but this time there have been some superb inventions.

First, here is my solution, which has not been discovered by any reader:

a	b	c	a^3	b^3	c	$a^3 + b^3 + c$
3	31	12	27	961	12	1000
4	30	36	64	900	36	1000
7	25	32	343	625	32	1000
8	21	47	512	441	47	1000
9	16	15	729	256	15	1000

This seemed to me feasible enough, but it is difficult to envisage how a problem will strike the solver who is tackling it from the other end.

Now for solvers' alternatives.

This "St. George's Cross" is rather nice (M. Cassel):

	36 9 4	
25 8 16	47 32 21	30 12 7
	31 15 3	

The middle square totals 10^2, and each of the other squares 7^2. Others have sent variations on this theme.

Here is another idea:

Three prime numbers	7	31	47
,, multiples of 3	3	9	21
,, ,, ,, 5	15	25	30
,, ,, ,, 4	4	12	36
,, ,, ,, 8	8	16	32

The above, however, hardly carries conviction. Finally, look at this:

$$\frac{47-31}{16} + \frac{15-12}{3} + \frac{32-25}{7} + \frac{30-21}{9} = \frac{36-4}{8}$$

which certainly deserves full marks. This comes from W. W. Cruikshank, whose dragon will certainly go hungry.

I shall award from 3 to 8 points to all solvers who have sent in something, according to the adequacy of the idea.

PROBLEM 192.—ARTHURIAN LEGEND

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Philip D. Greenall, 31 Sylvan Avenue, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

Eight points are awarded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

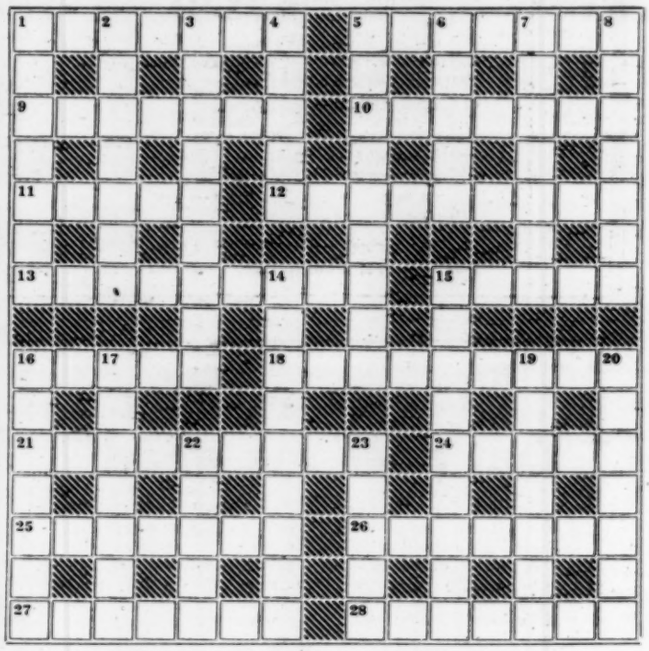
My correspondence has been steadily growing in volume; it includes a number of constructive suggestions, also problems devised by readers, for both of which I am most grateful. I do my best to answer all letters received. But there are weeks when I could not do so adequately if I gave whole days to the job, especially when (as has been the case lately) I am out of town a good deal. Will correspondents, therefore, please bear with what may look like discourtesy, but is, in fact, unavoidable delay, greatly regretted by me?

NEXT WEEK

there will, for a change, be a set of General Knowledge questions.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 341

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

J. W. Jones, Ynysllynlladd, Cadoxton, Neath, Glam.

ACROSS

1. Used to catch a thief by candlelight.
5. Lizard on the skyline.
9. In an invested state possibly.
10. Jingo jargon for an officer.
11. "It's wealth is mine," Mussolini might say of this Italian valley.
12. Occasionally sounds like hours of arithmetic.
13. Not a bad outlook as it were for something second-hand.
15. Canadian leaf would be ample.
16. "I'll —— the air to give a sound. While you perform your antic round."
18. Gates spectators on the way in.
21. Communist hot stuff.
24. A seed made less hard.
25. Has this train solved the problem of perpetual motion?
26. Unmathematical way to find the G.C.M. of two or more things.
27. You'd expect an honest deal of the ladies at this sale.
28. One can make the toes end thus.

DOWN

1. Position of the arms in March.
2. The reverse of overstay?
3. Tells people to go to blazes.
4. Personally backs a horse.
5. Goes to grass for a short cut.
6. Painter of gold in a child's bed.
7. Traveller's plan of going concern off the rails.
8. Performer who tears it.
14. Music sheet?
15. A fictitious one had the opposite quality of Ethelred.
16. Less than a kind heart.
17. Andover before musically.
19. A fraction of time in September.
20. Eternal description of the Manx cat.
22. One that may have gone by.
23. Speedily competed.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	U	B	I	C	O	N	■	T	R	U	M	P	E	T
E	■	I	■	I	■	A	R	■	N	■	R	■	R	■
P	A	R	T	N	E	R	S	■	I	N	C	R	I	M	E
U	■	D	■	G	■	E	■	M	■	U	■	N	■	L
T	O	S	C	A	■	S	C	E	P	T	I	C	A	L
E	■	O	■	L	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	E	■	I
D	I	F	F	E	R	E	N	T	■	F	O	O	L	S
■	■	P	■	S	■	A	■	E	■	A	■	F	■	■
I	N	A	N	E	■	S	E	R	E	N	A	D	E	D
M	■	R	■	■	■	Y	■	■	D	■	E	■	E	■
P	R	A	C	T	I	C	E	S	■	A	U	N	T	S
E	■	D	■	R	■	H	■	H	■	N	■	M	■	C
T	H	I	S	Y	E	A	R	O	F	G	R	A	C	E
U	■	S	■	S	■	I	■	O	■	L	■	R	■	N
S	H	E	L	T	E	R	■	T	R	E	K	K	E	D

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807).

FREE Book offered to all which tells how you can learn Journalism and Story Writing by post, and how you can soon begin to earn additional income as a spare-time writer.—Write to-day, Metropolitan College of Journalism, Dept. J5/5, St. Albans.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 1918 Palace Gate, W.8.

READY CASH WAITING. I give the HIGHEST PRICES OBTAINABLE for your REVIEW COPIES. T. J. GASTON, 76 Strand, W.C.2. (Tem. 3048).

HOLBORN & BLOOMSBURY.
Buy your books and pamphlets on Spain at NEW BOOKS, 4 PARTON ST., RED LION SQ., W.C.1.

FASCISM AS IT IS.
The History you have been waiting for, giving all the inside facts about its relationship to and its treatment of the Labour Movement.
By SYLVIA PANKHURST.
Serialised, beginning this week, in *New Times and Ethiopia News*.
Price: 2d. weekly.
From: 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex.

SELL your books in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies, etc. KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 'Phone: Temple Bar 6700.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

GRAND REMOVAL SALE of ABBATT TOYS, 29 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, Museum 6768. Eight days only to September 26th prior to the opening of new Showrooms in Wimpole Street, W.1. Fitting toys; beads; play houses; toy looms; model towns; books; nursery furniture.

COLOUR and DESIGN will be the theme of an Exhibition to be held at
The Challenge Gallery,
92, Great Russell Street,
W.C.1.
September 28th—October 3rd.
(Closed at 1 p.m. Saturday.)
Colour Prints and Posters from many countries, Script Cards, Crib figures and Plaques.

THE ABORTION LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION has issued a report, price 6*d.*, of its Conference held in Conway Hall, 1936. Membership 2*s.* 6*d.* minimum. Hon Sec., MRS., JENKINS, 17 Mount Carmel Chambers, W.8.

CORNISH BLACK CHERRY JAM (luscious, stoneless, home-made), as supplied Members Royal Households; beautifully packed; 3 ½-lb. pots 2*s.* 9*d.*, 8 1-lb. pots 10*s.* 6*d.*, DOZEN 15*s.*, carriage paid. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

A Century's Experience in each Golden Cake.
MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD
Per tin, by post, 2*s.* 10*d.* and 4*s.* 10*d.*
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1*s.* 0*d.* Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3*s.* 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete. Suit, 97*s.* 6*d.*; Jacket, 57*s.* 6*d.* S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

WINTER UNDERWEAR AT BIG SAVINGS. Thrifty Buyers! Save shillings in the £ by purchasing your Underwear direct from the Makers. Send postcard for Illustrated Catalogue and Free Patterns of lovely "B-P" Underwear, and judge quality and price for yourself. Best British workmanship and dependable. Every style and every size for Women, Children, Men. Outsizes a speciality. Pure Wool, Mixtures or Art Silk. Beautifully soft, silky, warm, long-lasting, and Guaranteed against shrinkage. ("Wonderful in service and a delight to wear," writes a customer). COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. Our Free Patch Service adds months of extra wear.—Write to BERKETT AND PHILLIPS LTD., Dept. N.S., Union Road, Nottingham.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

DELICIOUS home made shortbread. 2*s.* 4*d.* lb. tin, post free. SNEATH, 15 Ellington Road, Hounslow.

PRIVATE TUITION

FRENCH by licenciée (Paris) private tuition, exams., literature, translations, conversation. Russell Square. TERminus 4917.

SPANISH lessons by late resident in Spanish Republic. Terms moderate. Apply MRS. M., 424 Addison House, Grove End Road, N.W.8.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30*s.* Six months, post free, 15*s.* Three Months, post free, 7*s.* 6*d.* and should be addressed to The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ORDEALS
you can help them face

Over 64,000 lives have been saved from shipwrecks round our shores in the last 112 years.
Your help in this heroic work is needed.
It costs little more than one penny a year from each one of our population. Anything you can afford to send will help these brave men in their perilous task.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

JOHN & EDWARD
BUMPUS
LIMITED
477 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone Mayfair 3601

All the new books for the Autumn can be seen at Bumpus, and we can help you to choose the best.

PAMPHLETS ON A VITAL TOPIC

COMMUNIST AFFILIATION
by Emile Burns
UNITY, PEACE AND SECURITY
by Harry Pollitt
TOWARDS A PEOPLE'S FRONT
by Arthur Horner — President South Wales Miners' Federation

Each pamphlet 1d., or 1½d. post free. All three 4d. post free or 10d. per doz., 6/6 per hundred (separately or assorted).

WORKERS' BOOKSHOP LTD. (Dept. N.S.)
38 CLERKENWELL GREEN, E.C.1 (*Phone: Clerk.* 4610)
And 16 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Opportunities in KENYA

Men with moderate capital, or with an income which restricts their activities in England, find that settlement in Kenya opens up a fuller life. Without sacrificing social amenities, one can live in Kenya on a sum which would be inadequate at home. Fertile land; equable climate; labour and other costs are low. If you are interested in settlement or in farming write to Col. Knaggs, who will be pleased to send you illustrated literature and to answer your questions personally. — Col. Knaggs, Kenya Government Agent, Dept. 4, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

A NEW "PLEBS" BOOK
An Outline History of Unemployment

This unique book, written by W. T. Colyer, covers unemployment from Elizabethan times to the New Unemployment Regulations which caused the recent all-night sitting in the House of Commons. Indispensable to the Socialist speaker or Trade Union official or the person who wants to be well-informed.

Stiff covers 1/- (1/2 *post free*). *Discounts on quantities. Cloth* 2/- (2/2 *post free*).

N.C.L.C. Publishing Society Ltd., 15 South Hill Park Gardens, London, N.W.3

THE CASE OF THE TROTSKYITE—ZINOVIEVITE TERRORIST CENTRE

Official Report. *Price 1/-.*
On sale at Collet's Bookshops.

SPAIN AND THE T.U.C.
by Harry Pollitt. *Price 1d.*

This pamphlet shows with crystal clarity that the defence of Democracy, the preservation of our Liberty, the maintenance of Peace demand the speedy reversal of the Labour and Trade Union attitude for "neutrality" in Spain. By post 1½d. each, 10d. per doz., or 6/6 per 100.

WORKERS' BOOKSHOP LTD. (Dept. N.S.)
38 CLERKENWELL GREEN, E.C.1 (*Phone: Clerk.* 4610)
And 16 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GOLD MARKET—BUILDING SHARES IN U.S.A. AND BRITAIN—BREWERY SHARES

VISITORS to the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg will observe a giant column of gold supporting the world—an exhibit of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines. "A paper column," said Mr. Beatty, President of the Chamber, "would hardly give the same confidence." This is greatly to be deplored for, as everyone knows, the world is supported on the labour and intelligence of mankind exploiting its natural resources. But the column of gold remains as a sort of religious symbol or totem worshipped by the priesthood of the bankers and introduced as ritual in the mystery of bank credit. The recent weakness of gold shares was, I am afraid, no evidence of a change of opinion but, as far as the Kaffir market is concerned, merely a reflex of excessive speculation in the shares of developing gold mines. The fall in the sterling price of gold (now 137*s.* 4*d.* per ounce) has disturbed no one, for it can be stopped at any moment, either when our Exchange Equalisation Fund decides to peg the franc or when M. Blum decides to devalue. M. Blum's decision will no doubt be postponed until the final political crisis. As this is not immediate it is difficult to understand why our Exchange Equalisation Fund, its resources replenished by the sales of gold to the Bank of England, does not immediately put an end to the decline in the sterling price of gold. It would be indecent to allow visitors to the Johannesburg Exhibition to question the stability of the column of gold by asking about its day-to-day price.

* * *

The valuations of building industry shares in London and New York, contrast strikingly the relative positions of the two industries. *The Economist* index of building activity in this country has shown a rise since 1932 of over 93 per cent. The F.W. Dodge Corporation index of building contracts in 37 Eastern States of America shows a recovery of less than 20 per cent. (both indices as at July 31st, 1936). Assuming that the American building industry scores an improvement of over 60 per cent. this year as compared with 1935, the volume of activity will be only 28 per cent. of the 1925–29 average. Yet this is how the leading shares are valued in the two markets on dividends and earnings :

American Building Shares.	Present Prices.	Current Dividends.	Est. 1936 Earnings.	Div. Yield %.	Earnings Yield %.
American Radiator ...	21¼	$0.15	$0.85	0.69	3.89
Johns Manville	114¼	$2.00	$4.25	1.75	3.72
U.S. Gypsum	99	$2.00	$3.85	2.02	3.89
British Building Shares.					
Allied Ironfounders, £1 ...	34/-	10%	15.6%†	5.88	9.18
London Brick & Traders, £1 units	74/-	22½%	24.4%‡	6.08	6.59
British Plaster Boards, 5/-	44.6	50%	56.6%†	5.62*	6.36*

† Last reported earnings. * On new capital.

Now it is natural that building shares should be valued dearly in relation to current earnings in the early stages of recovery, as in the United States, and valued cheaply at the peak of recovery, as in Great Britain; but is not an earnings' yield of under 4 per cent. for the American shares rather too low, even for the leaders ? The building industry in the United States has a long way to go and anything in the shape of a building boom is impossible until the rise in incomes has caught up with the rise in building costs. In this country residential building may have reached its peak—in the first seven months of the year the index of building plans for residential purposes has been somewhat below the 1935 level—but commercial building, including building for military purposes, is still on the upward grade, plans approved being 26 per cent. in excess of last year. No decline, therefore, in our total building activity seems likely in the near future, and if the slum clearance and the over-crowding programmes are energetically carried out, building shares may be "safe" for another twelve months.

* * *

The monthly figures of the consumption of beer have in the past afforded my Statistical Assistant opportunities for making interesting comparisons between various brewery shares. He writes: Trade recovery and the remorse of the Chancellor have restored the consumption of beer practically to the level prevailing prior to the 'Crisis' Budget of 1931, but the rate of recovery appears recently to have slowed down. In fact, in the quarter ended June 30th, 1936, the consumption was only slightly higher than in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. The explanation may possibly be bad weather, for 1935 had a fine summer, but it seems reasonable to regard the weather of the year ended June 30th, 1936, as 'normal' and to base our profit estimate on the beer consumption in that period. It is curious how closely the profits of the large breweries vary in proportion to the figures for consumption. Beer consumption in the year ended June last amounted to 16,139 million barrels, compared with 15,581 million barrels in 1934/5, showing an increase of 3.6 per cent. Now Watney Combe Reid & Co., whose financial year ends in June, showed an increase in trading profits of the same percentage of 3.6 per cent. If we assume that beer consumption is stabilised at 16,139 million barrels, we arrive at the conclusion that the profits of brewery companies whose financial year ends in September should increase by 2.1 per cent., December companies by 1.0 per cent. and March companies by .3 per cent. Here are the results :

Company.	Last Financial Year Ended.	Present Price.	Yield on Last Earnings %.	Yield on Dividend %.	Yield on Est. Current Earnings %.
Barclays	31. 3.36	39/6	10.2 £5 3s.%	8 £4 1s.%	10.5 £5 6s.%
Bass	30. 9.35	142/-	31.2 gross £4 8s.%	28.8 gross £4 1s.%	32.5 gross £4 11s.%
Ind Coope ...	30. 9.35	125/-	36.5 £5 17s.%	25.0 £4 0s.%	38.0 £6 1s.%
Mitchells & Butler	30. 9.35	115/9	24.6 gross £4 5s.%	22.3 gross £3 17s.%	25.0 gross £4 6s.%
Taylor Walker ...	31.12.35	47/6	17.5† £7 7s.%	10.0 £4 4s.%	18.0† £7 11s.%
Watney Combe (Def.)	30. 6.36	89/-	32.2 £7 5s.%	18.0 £4 1s.%	32.2 £7 5s.%

* On increased capital.
† Consolidated figures including Cannon Brewery subsidiary.

The dividend yields of all the companies with one exception are within a few shillings of 4 per cent., and consequently I prefer on general grounds those companies whose published earnings are most out of date, such as Bass, Ind Coope and Mitchells & Butler, for it is among these that the greater possibilities of increased dividends are found. The high earnings yields in some cases need not be taken too seriously, for companies such as Watneys and Ind Coope allocate large sums to property improvement reserves which are included in their earnings, while others such as Mitchells & Butler improve their public houses out of profits without disclosing the cost.

That 'Capital Appreciation'

How is it achieved?

It is wiser and more profitable to aim at **safety** with a slightly lower income yield than to run the risk of loss in an endeavour to obtain an extra 1%.

An investment paying 4% and increasing 5% in capital value each year gives a **real return of over 10%** (the 5% being free of tax). This is better than an investment which pays 5¼% and stands still. Much better than one which declines.

Over a period of years **British Banks, British Insurance Companies and British Investment Trusts** have paid handsome and increasing dividends, the shares of some Insurance Companies and Investment Trusts having in the meanwhile doubled, trebled and even quadrupled in price.

Bank Insurance and Financial Shares Trust has been planned for wise Investors who wish to acquire an interest in these most safe and, in the long run, **most remunerative of investments.**

Units (approximate price 18/9) may be bought or sold through any banker or broker.

Trustee for the Unit Holders—**MARTINS BANK LTD.**
Auditors for the Trust—**PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.**
Management Company—**PROVED SECURITIES LTD.**

Directors:
H. D. BELL, F.C.A. (Director, Selective Fixed Investments, Ltd.)
SIR KENNETH CROSSLEY, Bart. (Director, Williams Deacon's Bank Ltd.)
HON. A. V. RUSSELL, C.M.G., M.V.O. (Director, Sun Life Assurance Society)
C. S. L. TRASK (Director, Richard Johnson & Nephew Ltd.)
ERIC UNDERWOOD (Director, Trust of Transport Shares Ltd.)

Write for FREE BOOK to

BANK INSURANCE & FINANCIAL SHARES TRUST

Dept. "T.3," 53, New Broad St., London, E.C.2. 'Phone: London Wall 5555.

THEN CONSULT YOUR STOCKBROKER OR BANKER

TRAINING CENTRES

BIRKBECK COLLEGE.
(University of London.)
Principal. GEORGE SENTER, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.
Evening Courses for the Degree of the University of London in the
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE AND LAWS.
Courses in Classical French, English, German and Italian Literature and Languages.
Open to Non-University Students.
Studentships to the value of over £800 are awarded annually to students of the College.
Calendar, 1s.: by post, 1s. 4d. Prospectus free.
For full particulars apply to the SECRETARY:
BIRKBECK COLLEGE, FETTER LANE, E.C.4.

MARX HOUSE. Autumn Term begins October 5th, 1936. Enrolment Week, Sept. 26th to Oct. 3rd.
New courses include: SOVIET COMMUNISM, DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM, WORKING CLASS JOURNALISM, RUSSIAN LANGUAGE, HISTORY OF THE WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT, POLITICAL ECONOMY.
Lecturers include: T. A. JACKSON, DONA TORR, W. H. WILLIAMS, EMILE BURNS, PAT SLOAN, ALICK WEST. In addition, DISCUSSION CIRCLES are arranged in all parts of London. CORRESPONDENCE COURSES also available.
PROSPECTUS can be obtained from: THE SECRETARY, Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 6639

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS
(Revised Scheme).
Those who do not wish to reside at a University can now prepare for the
EXTERNAL DEGREES (LONDON)
and the
HOME, CIVIL AND CONSULAR SERVICES, etc.
at DAVIES'S,
Sussex House, 1 Holland Park, W.11.
Park 4414/5.

POSTAL TUITION
for the London University
B.Sc.Econ.
Degree

THE possession of a Degree in Economics opens the door to well-paid teaching and administrative posts under Education authorities and other public bodies; also to statistical, research and welfare work in Commerce and Industry.

Now that the shorter Special Entrance Exam. may be taken instead of Matriculation by all Degree Candidates of 23 and over, the way to the B.Sc. Econ. Degree is easier. No university residence is necessary. Candidates may prepare at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the course. **222 Wolsey Hall Students passed London B.Sc.Econ. (External) Exams., 1925-36; in 1935 a Wolsey Hall Candidate obtained the GLADSTONE Memorial Prize (for 1st Place) and the GERSTENBERG Studentship.**

Prospectus

and Guide to the London University B.Sc. Econ. Degree may be obtained post free from the Director of Studies, Dept. VH 82,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

TRAINING CENTRES—continued

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 67 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Excellent training: GOOD posts follow efficiency. Large sunny rooms. First-class teaching: all subjects. Interviews sought. Advice given. Western 6939.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

MAYFAIR SECRETARIAL COLLEGE 57 Duke Street, Grosvenor Sq., W.1, provides advanced practical training and assures well-paid positions for gentlewomen. Individual tuition. For prospectus 'phone Mayfair 3111.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

CIVIL SERVICE CAREERS. Spring 1937 examinations. EXECUTIVE CLASS, 18 and under 19 on March 1st, 1937; both sexes. CUSTOMS OFFICER, 19 and under 21 on March 1st, 1937; men only. CLERICAL CLASS, 16 and under 17 on March 1st. 1937; both sexes. Hundreds of vacancies. Enrol now for specialised postal tuition. Booklet from CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 83a Charlwood Street, S.W.1. Over 200 C.S.C.S. students gained appointments during year 1935-36.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	**After October.**	Tu. & Wed.
APOLLO.	**The Fugitives.**	Wed., Sat.
COLISEUM.	**Lilac Time.**	Sat.
DRURY LANE.	**Careless Rapture.**	Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS.	**Spring Tide.**	Wed. & Sat.
GARRICK.	**Storm in a Teacup.**	Wed., Thurs.
GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Wed. & Sats.
HIPPODROME.	**"Certainly, Sir!"**	Th., Sat.
LYRIC.	**"Farewell Performance."**	Th., Sat.
MERCURY.	**Murder in the Cathedral.**	F., S.
PALACE.	**This'll Make You Whistle.**	W., S.
PLAYHOUSE.	**Whiteoaks.**	Wed., Th., Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**'Pride & Prejudice.'**	W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Heroes Don't Care.**	Tu., Fri.
SAVOY.	**Lady Precious Stream.**	M., Th., S.
STRAND.	**Aren't Men Beasts!**	Wed., Thurs.
WHITEHALL.	**Anthony & Anna.**	W. & S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**"Mademoiselle."**	Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. LAST WEEK.
LILAC TIME.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mat. Sat., at 2.30.
Com. Sept. 24, 8.15, *"THE DESERT SONG."*

CROYDON. Evgs., 8, Sats., 5 & 8.15. **Repertory.**
DUSTY ERMINE.
By Neil Grant.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON, ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.
Devised, written and composed by IVOR NOVELLO.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8243. (Smoking). 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30. A Comedy,
SPRING TIDE
LOUISE HAMPTON ARTHUR SINCLAIR

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
OVER 250 PERFORMANCES.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.15 Sharp. Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Gerrard 3272.
EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK WALLER'S LATEST PRODUCTION,
"CERTAINLY, SIR!"
GEORGE ROBEY. RENEE HOUSTON.
MACKENZIE WARD. Jack Waller's Famous Chorus.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) EVENINGS, 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS in
"FAREWELL PERFORMANCE."

MERCURY, Nott'g Hill Gate. 2/6 to 6/-. Park 1060. Evgs.: (exc. Mon.) 8.30. Mats., Fri. & Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*The Times.*
200th PERFORMANCE Oct. 3.

PALACE. Ger. 6834. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 150 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. Ex. Mon. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903). No perfs. Mon.
EVGS., 8.30. WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
The Jane Austen Novel dramatised by Helen Jerome.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. Final Perf. Sat., Oct. 3. (Tem. B. 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Th., Sat., 2.30. Esme PERCY in
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.
Viola TREE. Jack LIVESEY. Thea HOLME.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
LONDON'S LOUDEST AND LONGEST LAUGH.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30. (358th Perf.)
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3208. 8.30 Wed., Sat. 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE ISABEL JEANS GREER GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
OLGA TSCHECHOWA in the gay Viennese intrigue
"SYLVIA & IHR CHAUFFEUR" (U),
and **"DER ZERBROCHENE KRUG"** (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
2nd MARX BROTHERS SEASON.
Mon., Sept. 21st, for 3 days, *HORSE FEATHERS* (U).
Thurs., Sept. 24th, for 4 days, *DUCK SOUP* (U).

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tickets, 2s., 3s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "Freedom in Religious Belief." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Reg. 5983). 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic.: 7289.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34 Southwick Street, W.2. Tel. PAD. 3237 Room, hot bath and breakfast, 6s. Numerous other attractions. Hundreds of testimonials. Explanatory booklet from Manager.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

WORTHING. Channel View Hotel, Marine Parade. Full South. Noted cuisine. Every mod. conv. Write RESIDENT PROPRIETORS for illus. Tariff. Tel.: 1822.

RESTFUL accommodation, old-world village, main water, drainage, c. h. w., efficient catering and service, garage. 'Phone 52. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent.

WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS. The National Trust Village. XVth century guest house, "APPLE ORCHARD," offers home comforts. Lovely gardens and country; ideal for holidays. Modernised but unspoilt. Moderate terms.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful HOME for GUESTS, standing in 7 acres, restful; electric light, central heating; garage, tennis. The Clock House. Nutley, Sussex. Tel.: Nutley 96.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

WINCHELSEA. Chelsea Cottage, old part of town. H. and C. all bedrooms. Near sea. Golf. 'Phone 72.

WINDERMERE IN AUTUMN is exceptionally beautiful and pleasant. MR. and MRS. PERCY W. MOLONY, Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Tel. 285. Guest House with every comfort.

DARTMOUTH, Devon, Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management. Real French cooking. Beautiful situation. Near sea; lovely garden. Up to date. Comfortable. Moderate terms. Tel. 144.

SOMERSET, Mendip Country. Guests taken, 17th cent. farmhouse. H. and c. water in bedrooms, electricity. Good walking centre, riding, golf. From 4½. French Proprietress, MME. LAVER, Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet. 57.

CORNWALL. Small Cornish village by sea and river. Comfortable house offered to guest for winter months. Excellent cuisine. All modern conveniences. Special terms. Apply MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey.

EASTBOURNE. To Let from September 15th. Nice little s.c. furnd. flat, top floor; 1 min. sea and Devonshire Park; 2 bedrooms, etc., etc., also telephone. Write COMPTON, 34 Southwick Street, W.2 (postage refunded). 'Phone: PAD 3238.

FURN. SEASIDE COTTAGE, Camber Sands, nr. Rye, 6 rooms, e.l. and cooking. Private beach; verandah overlooking sea. Sept. 2½ *gns.* weekly. Oct.–Apl. 10s. Box 373, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT,
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals.
River bathing. Riding.
Delightful Trips. Excellent Food.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

A CHEAP autumn holiday among the Chiltern beech-woods. House to let furnished at Jordans, Bucks, Oct. 3rd to 31st. Stands in own grounds; 3 bedrooms, large living room, kitchen, scullery, bathroom, h. & c.; w.c.; electric light and cooking. Only 2 gns. per week. —HAMILTON, Benghavit, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

PERRANPORTH. September in Cornwall at Sully's Hotel. What a perfect combination.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

CORNWALL, Fowey and Polperro. Superior farm-house; board-residence. Sea near. Excellent food. Mild climate. Moderate Autumn and Winter terms. NICHOLLS, Carneggan, Fowey. 'Phone: Polruan 47.

7 NOVEMBER

CELEBRATIONS IN MOSCOW

One of the most interesting times to visit Soviet Russia.

Special tours leave London:
on Oct. 27—24 days from £23
on Oct. 31—20 days from £20

Details from Any Leading Travel Agency, or Intourist Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

BOURNEMOUTH. Guests received. Well-appointed private house, sunny and quiet; h. & c. all bedrooms; good cooking; 100 yards from sea. 3½ guineas weekly or terms for apartments. MACGREGOR, 36 Pinecliffe Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

THE Air of Windsor Forest Talking! Invigorating and healthful. Try comforts at THE GOULDINGS Guest House, Winkfield, Berks.

STEEP, PETERSFIELD (Tel. 376). Small guest house; beautiful district, good cooking. MRS. RIVERS, Stonerdale.

WARM winter residence, literary and artistic company, modern comfort and society, from 7s. 6d. a day. Write for illustrated prospectus. "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Tel.: Baldslow 19.

CHILTERNS, WHEATSHEAF, OAKLEY, CHINNOR. Pleasant country inn. Good food, comfortable rooms, beautiful district.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest house. Close sea, country. Separate tables. Complete freedom. Moderate. Recommended. "Westbourne," Alexandra Road, Penzance.

BRIGHTON. 18 Chesham Place. Furnd. Service rms., H. & C. Meals opt. Near sea. Mod. appointments.

YOU NEED A CHANGE OF FOOD! Go to "Nore," Seawall, Whitstable.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, CAP MARTIN, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. 'Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension, 7s. 6d. Special terms by arrangement.

SWITZERLAND, Hotel Richelieu, Montreux-Territet. Comfortable and homely, excellent cuisine, beautiful quiet situation on lake, full south, garden. 3 *gns.* weekly inclusive full pension, heating, afternoon tea, service.

BOARD RESIDENCE

CHELSEA. Divan rooms, hot and cold water, bed and breakfast from 32s. 6d. per week; 6s. 6d. per night. Other meals optional. Flax. 7284, 105 Oakley St.

HAMPSTEAD. Cambridge Graduate and wife, 3 years seasonal seaside experience, opening small Guest House October. Bed sitting-rooms, gas fires, dining room. Bed and breakfast from 1 gn.; partial board from 1½ gns. weekly. PRI. 5687, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4.)

EXPERIENCED Literary Typist, Cambridge University man. Moderate. LAMBE, 12 Colville Gardens, W.11. Park 9056.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE B.B.C. invites applications for the appointment of Director of Talks at its Head Office in London; minimum starting salary £1,200, but this may be increased according to qualifications; contributory pension scheme; age, not less than 35; candidates must have a knowledge of world affairs, be well read and have a wide range of contacts; the work demands imagination, an open mind, balanced and sober judgment, and a capacity for leadership and stimulation. Applications (testimonials not required in the first instance) should be sent to the Director of Staff Administration, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, to reach him not later than Wednesday, September 30th, 1936.

BOROUGH OF WATFORD.
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the appointment of male Senior Assistant at a commencing salary of £170 rising to £210 by annual increments of £10.

Public library experience and practical knowledge of Dewey are essential, and the person appointed must be an Associate of the Library Association. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination, and to contribute to the Council's Superannuation Scheme under the Local Government and other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

Applications, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, to be made in the applicant's own handwriting, and delivered to the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Watford, not later than 3rd October, 1936.

Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

Municipal Offices. W. HUDSON,
Watford. Town Clerk.

REQUIRED OCTOBER 5th, a clever girl, age 16–18, living in London, anxious to get experience in educational work. Small salary whilst learning work. Definite prospects. Apply immediately by letter only, SECRETARY, Cicely C. Wright, Ltd., Educational Agency, 50 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

ORGANISING Secretary wanted to work up League of Nations Union in large industrial town. Box 391, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED secretary (Englishwoman, University education), desires post. Foreign Office, literary, translating and organising experience. French and German. Box 388, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LADY SECRETARY, 23, rapid shorthand and typing in English, German, French, Italian, knowledge Spanish, Dutch, seeks interesting post; thoroughly experienced. Box 386, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATED Austrian girl seeks daily position. Exped. children or lessons. Box 387, N. S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

TO BE SOLD, modern thatched cottage, 10 mins, Hemel Hempstead, near London. 5 large rooms, bathroom; two garages, stabling, outbuildings, three acres well-wired meadow, garden, kitchen garden. £1,200 or reduction to cover cost installing electric light. YATES, Farnham House, Broadway, Worcs.

SURREY. Furnished cottage, sunny, perfect quiet, woodlands, accessible, bath, garage, electricity, suit literary man or convalescent. £2 weekly. GARNETT, Cearne, Edenbridge.

SUSSEX. Artists' furnished cottage, 2 double bedrooms, large living room. Garage. October-March. 6s. weekly. Box 385, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO let furnished. Four roomed country cottage, sleeps five. Plate, linen, electric light. Sea and country. October, 27s. weekly. Wayside Cottage, Pagham, Bognor Regis.

HAMPSTEAD-HIGHGATE. Unfurnished, sitting and 2 bedrooms (all large), kitchen, bath and w.c. Elec. light. 3 minutes Heath, ½ hour City. £90 p.a. Apply BAINES, 24 West Hill, N.6. 'Phone Mountview 4073.

FLAT, 4 rooms, share bathroom, constant hot water. View two miles river. Hammersmith. 30s. per week. Box 382, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NEAR Lord's, furnd. 2 large rooms communicating. All conven.; 2 guineas. PRI 6893.

ISOKON minimum flat, vacant soon. Living room, (divan bed), dressing room, bathroom, kitchen. Fully equipped (electric cooker, refrigerator, etc.). Complete service, central heating, hot water. Apply ISOKON (Lawn Road) Flats. Pri. 6054.

LARGE double room, with piano, 32s. 6d. incl. service, or 27s. 6d. for one. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

WANTED immed. for 1 year, unfurnd. flat, 2 rooms, k. & b., c.h.w., cent. heat. Rent up to £80 p.a. Bloomsbury or St. John's Wood. FREUND, 35 Westbourne Pk. Rd., W.2.

BEDFORD SQUARE. Quiet self-contained flat wanted within mile radius of Bedford Square. From quarter day or Nov. 1st. Maximum rent £100 p.a. Box 389, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG student seeks home with gentlefolk in Hampstead; preferably near Heath. Box 392, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RESEARCH Student (22) requires rooms or good bed-sitting room, with board. N. or C. London preferred, quiet essential. Box 381, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES (University of London).
Over eighty Courses of Lectures on various periods or aspects of—
HISTORY; LITERATURE; BIBLICAL STUDIES; PHILOSOPHY; ECONOMIC, POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE; PAINTING; ARCHITECTURE; PSYCHOLOGY;
will be delivered in various parts of London and the suburbs, afternoon and evening.

Particulars may be obtained free on application to the UNIVERSITY EXTENSION REGISTRAR (Dept. 6), University of London, W.C.1.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, September 20th, at 11 a.m.: JOSEPH McCABE: "THE NEXT WAR." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE MARCH OF ENGLISH HISTORY!
A New Form of Propaganda of interest to Popular Front supporters.
Witness this great procession of 100 Historical Tableaux, organised by the London Communist Party, on Sunday, September 20th. Leaves Victoria Embankment 3 p.m. Arrives at Hyde Park at 4 p.m.

GUILDHOUSE, Ecclestone Square, S.W.1. Sunday, September 20th, at 6.30: DR. MAUDE ROYDEN.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 30 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVISER SCHOOLS TRAININGS. Specially selected list schools personally visited. No charge to parents or students.

WANTED, a young man teacher to work with girl of 16, all subjects. Hampstead preferred. Write 4 Lyndale Ave., N.W.2, or 'phone HAM 7016.

A GERMAN and his English wife have opened a small Home School in the heart of the country for children from 4–13. Sound education includes German, French or Spanish. Home farm, trained nurse. R. A. VOLKMER, Odam Hill, Romansleigh, Devon.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, Herts. Co-educational Boarding and Day School, conducted according to the pedagogy of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

IRWIN HOUSE SCHOOL, LIMPSFIELD, SURREY. Preparatory School and Kindergarten for girls and boys (5–12). Nursery Class (2–5) opening shortly. Special attention given to health and all-round development of mind and body. Progressive methods. A few boarders taken. Individual care and happy open-air life. Fees £90–£110. Principal: MISS M. U. BENHAM, B.Sc., N.F.U.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls 6–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

THE COLLEGE, SOUTH LEIGH, OXON, specialises in educational problems of boys from 15 to 19. Coaching for all entrance examinations. 10 years' successes. Careers studied. No abnormal boys. Apply Director, M. CHANTING-PEARCE, M.A. Oxon.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. Family life, sanely progressing towards equality of sex and class. Ages 6–19. Fees £82.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4–18). Altitude 4,100 feet.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, Nr. HIGH WYCOMBE. Boarding School for girls aged 4–18. Estate of 61 acres in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 550 feet above sea level. Balanced education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects. Large staff of Graduates. Ordinary curriculum includes elocution, art, crafts, singing, dancing, eurhythmics, games, swimming. Lessons out-of-doors when possible. Open-air swimming pool. Fees £105–£165 per annum.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

Stability!

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

Insure with Confidence

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Chief Administration:
7, CHANCERY LANE
LONDON

SCHOOLS—continued

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY for parents of small boys. Progressive school offers three vacancies in its co-educational junior house to boys of 9–12 at inclusive fees reduced from £145 to £100 a year. Sixty pupils. Five resident men on staff. Excellent science labs., up-to-date maths., carpentry, swimming bath, riding (own stables), fine playing fields, large park. Apply at once Secretary, BRICKWALL, Northiam, Sussex.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
A Day and Boarding School for Girls where a liberal education achieves a high standard of work. Preparatory Department for boys and girls.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex. Co-educational from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, in lovely country surroundings. From individual freedom to social understanding through self-government. Fully trained staff. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal. 'Phone: Brentwood 1103.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2–14 years old.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open air life. Riding School on premises. All round education at moderate inclusive fees. MISS M. K. WILSON. Tel.: Biggin Hill, 203.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields, park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

SCHOOLS—continued

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS.
Head Mistress: MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

OCKLYE, Crowborough, Sussex. Home school for boys and girls. Delightful garden; open-air life; craft work; natural methods. Full charge. Seaside bungalow for holidays. Moderate fees. Prospectus MISS JOHNSTON. Crowborough 234.

OAKLEA, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX (recognised by Board of Education). Girls 8 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes followed. Individual time-tables for "Citizens" over 12. Handicrafts, eurhythmics, gardening, riding in forest, etc. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

HURTWOOD SCHOOL
PEASLAKE Nr. GUILDFORD
Boarding and Day School
for
Boys and Girls
(from 3 years)
wishes to produce healthy, well-balanced individuals, with humour, originality and good sense, which will enable them to use their knowledge and individuality wisely in the service of society. Specially erected, well-equipped new buildings. Full particulars from the Principal, MISS JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U.

ONLY BOOK AUTHORISED BY H.M.C.
PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK
Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult at Libraries, Clubs, etc. Schools, careers, professions, etc. 10s. 6d. net.—Year Book Press, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1

ALPINE COLLEGE
ARVEYES-VILLARS, SWITZERLAND. 4,100 feet. Boys, 12–19. Individual education and care. Modern languages. Examination coaching. Character, health, sports. Headmaster, J. M. S. BARNARD, M.A., Cantab.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants (Co-educational). Scholarship examination, Tuesday, 13th October, 1936. For particulars apply to the Headmaster, F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

EXAMINATIONS

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF CERTIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.

The half-yearly PRELIMINARY, INTERMEDIATE and FINAL EXAMINATIONS will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd December next, in London, Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth, and Sheffield.
Entries should be received on or before the 1st October. Further particulars may be obtained from the offices of the Association at 50 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

POSTAL TUITION

"SURVEY." A Home Study System which provides planned courses in Sociology, Economics, Politics, World History, International Affairs, etc. For free Prospectus write "SURVEY" (ST), 157 Colyer Road, Northfleet, Kent.

PERSONAL

A BABY BREAKFAST? No! at 34 Southwick Street, W.2, where one gets Britain's best bacon and hottest hot water! Room, hot bath and a man's breakfast, 6s. Tel. Padd. 3237/8. Booklet on application to the MANAGER.

AN opportunity to purchase reconditioned and guaranteed radio sets and radio-gramophones of the best makers at bargain prices. State requirements. DRAZIN, 57–59 Heath Street., Hampstead.

YOUNG Danish doctor's daughter seeks *au pair* post. Fond of children. English and German speaking. LUND, 148 Abbey Road, N.W.6.

YOUNG woman, interested literature, politics, desires correspondence with another to counteract stultifying effects suburban existence. Write Box 390, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

W.1. Bridge Circle, 1d. stakes. Thurs., Sats. beginners Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

INTELLIGENT PEOPLE support cremation because it is Hygienic. It preserves the land for the use of the living. You can ensure free cremation at death at any crematorium in Gt. Britain for £5 5s., six yearly payments of £1 1s., or weekly payments of 3d. over a limited period. Write for FREE BROCHURE NSCA, Cremation Society, 23 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. Welbeck 6079.